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CONFESSIONS OF
A SCHOOLMASTER
AND OTHER ESSAYS

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AND OTHER ESSAYS

BY

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CONTINENTAL CONGRESS," ETC.



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no,

W. L. Austin

TO
WILLIAM L. AUSTIN

DISTINGUISHED ALUMNUS AND BENEFACTOR OF THE CENTRAL
HIGH SCHOOL, THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

AFTER a service of nearly twenty years in a large city high school, it is scarcely necessary for me to offer an apology for expressing the opinions on education contained in the first essay of this volume. My views may be considered old-fashioned and out of date; but they are, in fact, the ideals of a great school and their worth has been proved through a long period of seventy-five years. The real test of these ideals is to be found in the lives and careers of the young men who have received their training in the school. Education to be worth while must be established on a broad and liberal foundation, and as Dean West truthfully says: "Like civil liberty, the higher liberal knowledge is always in peril and always worth fighting for." To those who would commercialize education and place it on a narrow utilitarian basis, the words of Alcuin are commended: "It is easy to point out to you the path of wisdom, if only ye love it for the sake of God, for knowledge, for purity of heart, for understanding the

truth, yea, and for itself. Seek it not to gain the praise of men or the honor of this world, nor yet for the deceitful pleasures of riches; for the more these things are loved the farther do they cause men who seek them to depart from the light of truth and knowledge." Although this advice was given more than a thousand years ago, it still forms a good modern educational programme; for it emphasizes those great fundamental principles that should guide us in the pursuit of all knowledge. It was this thought that I had in mind in preparing the essay on "Confessions of a Schoolmaster." In the "Commencement Address at Wenonah," my plea to scholars is that they shall consecrate their talents and learning to an unselfish service for mankind. In the paper on "Robert Ellis Thompson: An Appreciation," the influence of a great schoolmaster is described. With the thought of Alcuin in his mind, he has given the High School a distinctive character for culture and scholarship. The essay on "Ranke and His Pupils" shows how this group of German historians carried the same ideals into the realm of productive authorship, and how their methods in searching for truth became the

models for the historians of our own time. "Gossip in a Library," "The Deluge of Books," "Life Experiences of a Painter-Poet," "Thoughts on Memorial Day," and "Germany and England" complete the sequence of subjects treated in this volume, all of which were prepared at odd moments during the busy life of a schoolmaster. My thanks are due to my colleague, Dr. Harry F. Keller, who read portions of the manuscript and offered many valuable suggestions.

LEWIS R. HARLEY

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, PHILADELPHIA

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CONFESSIONS
OF A SCHOOLMASTER

CONFESSIONS OF A SCHOOLMASTER

IN his charming little book, "The Schoolmaster," Arthur C. Benson assures the teacher that while he cannot hope to accumulate great wealth, he may, after a life of useful service, "have an abundant stock of bright memories, tender thoughts and beautiful experiences; and he will be a very hard and dull person if he is not a little wiser, a little more thrilled with the mysterious wonder of life, a little more conscious of the vast and complex design of the world in which he has been permitted to play a real part." This may, after all, be a very slight consolation to the schoolmaster in an age when there is a crying demand for higher salaries; and yet, as the recollections of eighteen busy years spent in the service of a large city high school pass before me, I find much in the vocation of the teacher to confirm Benson's optimistic views. Time is, indeed, a kind and gentle servant, removing from the mind the memory of drudgery and seeming failure, and cheering the vision with bright pictures of cherished companionships and of young men assisted to careers of successful achievement. For years, the gray walls and towers of the

High School have been my constant inspiration. There it stands, a magnificent temple of learning dedicated to the cause of higher education in a democracy. While lacking the cloistered air and mediæval character of some of the great English schools, this institution is situated in the heart of a busy metropolis, and from its windows I can behold nearly every phase of our busy American life. The very situation of the High School indicates its mission in our city. Here, the various arts, sciences, commerce, industry, and the learned professions flourish. It would, therefore, be a trite remark to say that the purpose of this school is to fit young men for their places among these complex civic relations.

A retrospect of eighteen years should cure the teacher of any cynicism that may get possession of the human spirit. Progress is inevitable in a great institution maintained by public support; yet, Mr. Benson declares, "it is not uncommon to see a man drifting into cynicism as he goes on, teaching things in the value of which he does not believe, looking upon boys as necessary evils, thinking only of how to get through his work with as little friction and fatigue as possible." The best cure for this feeling of despondency is to make a positive effort to be cheerful, and to approach our task with a conscious sense of duty and enthusiasm.

Mr. Benson adds that the educational cynicism of to-day may generally be dispelled if we possess a large fund of affection and pity and patience, strong common-sense, tranquillity, and width of view. In the quiet afternoon hours, I love to saunter into the Assembly Hall of our High School, adorned with memorial windows, paintings of our Presidents, and the magnificent pipe organ, which every morning is vocal with the affection of a prominent alumnus for the School. The surroundings are all filled with an air of optimism, and seem to stand for character in education. The Steel Memorial Window is dedicated to the memory of a man who had an abiding faith in learning, and the portraits on the walls breathe words of encouragement to the generations of boys who regularly meet here as the years pass by. The corridors, halls, and class-rooms also suggest this same hopeful tendency, and the results achieved, while far from perfect, are a constant stimulus to more zealous efforts in the future. Indeed, the whole educational movement in America is encouraging in its progress, and we cannot but agree with President Eliot, who, in referring to the vast sums of money appropriated to the public schools, said: "It is, indeed, far the most profitable of all forms of public expenditure; and this is true whether one looks first to material prosperity, or to mental and

moral well-being; whether one regards chiefly average results, or the results obtained through highly gifted individuals."

How shall we dispel the clouds of intellectual cynicism that darken the educational world to-day? During the past two years, a tone of pessimism has characterized most of the discussions on American education. Much space has been given in certain magazines to articles which fervently deplore the inefficiency of the schools, and zealous statisticians have presented a formidable array of figures to prove their radical assertions. We all admit that nothing in this world is perfect, not even the school system, but oh, deliver us from these gloomy pedagogical experts. Taking the more cheerful view of the optimist, we all must agree that the American schools are established on the only proper basis, that of democracy. The system then can be developed and improved only through growth, and not by means of revolution. The despairing critics generally try to show the shortcomings of our schools by the comparative method. The educational systems of Europe are cited as models of perfection, besides which our own are made to appear woefully deficient. But a personal observation of the schools in England and Germany would cure some of our fellow-countrymen of their pessimism. Education across the seas is aristo-

cratic beyond the most elementary forms, and the common people are excluded from even free high school privileges; while in nearly all the American commonwealths education is democratic from the kindergarten to the university. The Volksschule buildings in Germany are generally antiquated structures, while in our own country one of the most substantial improvements to be noted is in the character of school architecture. This is true in city and country alike, notwithstanding the gross exaggeration of the National Education Association, that many of the rural schools are not as well kept as pigpens. This learned body has recently delivered another annual diatribe and pronounced the schools absolute failures.

A service of eighteen years convinces me that these charges against the schools should not be allowed to stand unchallenged. The records of the High School extend through a period of seventy-five years, and the Historian of the Alumni Association has kept in touch with throngs of youth who have gone out from its halls into various parts of the world. These reliable statistics convince me of the following facts: The teacher in America has a peculiar responsibility not to be found among his profession in other parts of the world. He renders valuable assistance in the work of assimilating the vast foreign element in our

country. From him the children of aliens learn the first lessons in democracy, and in this respect he has met with a degree of success that is entirely ignored by the critics. The quality of instruction given in our schools also merits favorable consideration. The teachers as a body are professionally trained, and compare favorably with their colleagues in other parts of the world. The students who leave the common schools have at least an average degree of intelligence, and acquit themselves creditably in the vocations of life. Our universities are not mediæval cloisters, but servants of a practical age, sending forth a body of trained men into the fields of diplomacy, law, medicine, teaching, the mechanical trades, and business. In this direction, the University of Pennsylvania has been a leader among American educational institutions. It stands ready to serve the public in any capacity, as the comprehensive statement of Dr. J. William White clearly shows.

For eighteen years, I have witnessed the eager groups of freshmen trooping into the High School, gazing in wonder upon the new scenes around them, as they enter that important scholastic period which lies directly between them and the busy world. I might well call this the most critical stage of educational work; for here great numbers fall by the way through lack of preparation in the lower schools

and on account of the difficulties of the High School curriculum. The schoolmaster has a serious responsibility in dealing with these immature boys, and he must practise generosity and enthusiasm in leading them through the trials of the first year. As Benson says, "The schoolmaster is there to curb, to correct, and also to encourage and to lift. And if he cannot feel the solemnity of the charge, 'Feed My Lambs,' which he receives as certainly as the apostle of old, he is out of place as a schoolmaster." In the High School, this attitude toward the new boys is rendered more intimate through the labors of several committees of the Faculty, who not only counsel the students, but also regularly communicate with their parents. Through this zealous care, the attendance in the upper classes should increase; but no human agency can possibly lead every boy through the School to successful graduation.

As I gaze upon the High School, the imposing building, with its costly equipment and superior facilities for instruction, the question uppermost in my mind is, what are its aims and purposes in the general scheme of higher education? What is to be its mission in the future? If its courses of study are merely to be vocational and utilitarian in character, the higher liberal knowledge will be in peril of destruction. Dr. Andrew F. West says: "There is plenty of

money to be had for commercial, industrial, and technical education, and it is money very well spent, so long as these valuable forms of training are well organized for their own ends and are not put into relations destructive to liberal education. There is little danger that utilitarian studies will lack friends and money. The danger is to the other studies." The High School has always stood for liberal studies, and yet it has responded to the demands of the times for courses of a practical nature. But in establishing commercial and industrial departments, the best traditions of scholarship have been preserved. Its foundations were laid after Alexander Dallas Bache had carefully examined the best higher schools of Germany, and it has successfully resisted the attacks of seventy-five years. At times, the curriculum suffered, but the aims of the founders were never forgotten, and the School has emerged from years of struggle with an ever-widening influence in our civic life, and with an equipment and facilities of instruction unrivalled in the country. Commercial schools and vocational schools have a right to exist; but they should not usurp the place of institutions where the liberal studies are cultivated. Indeed, one of the greatest dangers to modern civilization is the commercial ideal which engrosses the life of the entire world, and threatens to destroy

the solid educational structure. The real dangers are set forth by Dr. Andrew F. West in his book, "The Graduate College of Princeton," as follows: "The truth that all high-minded knowledge is in the best sense useful, is torn and twisted into the half-truth of 'service,' the doctrine that only the knowledge of obvious use is worth having. Under this notion historical, social, and political studies come to be pursued as a kind of 'contemporary topics' of 'live interest,' the study of literature, even of our own, is narrowed to the most recent periods, thus shutting off depth of background, philosophy descends into the nursery of 'child psychology,' and the great fundamental sciences are neglected except in their most practical applications. Other knowledge is of 'no use.' Wherever this spirit enters professional schools it tends to modify injuriously the sciences which underlie the professions, so that, for example, pure mathematics is thought in some quarters to be unsuitable for the engineer and pure biology to be unsuitable as a foundation for medicine. 'Modified' mathematics or 'modified' biology is the resulting hybrid. And hybrids are sterile. No great wave of utilitarian influence has ever swept unchecked into universities without disaster to liberal studies."

If life is worth more than a mere living, then the High School must continue on its mission

of advancing learning for its own sake, and not for immediate utilitarian ends. It must seek to teach those general fundamental principles which underlie and connect all vocations and pursuits. In the past, "hybrid knowledge," as Dr. West calls it, has had no place in the curriculum, and in the future, if the character of the School is to be maintained, truth must be sought for its own sake alone. I believe the School will continue to insist on high intellectual ideals, physical well-being, and character among the students. Intellectual ideals cannot survive in a school unless the members of the Faculty have an abiding interest in good books and possess a strong enthusiasm for some scholarly pursuit. In this regard, the High School is fortunate; for our worthy President, representing the best culture and scholarship, has been a constant inspiration to professors and students alike. Intellectual ideals must be preserved in the School, and rigorous studies will not be removed from the curriculum to make way for hybrid courses; but at the same time, youthful enjoyment should be encouraged, so that the boys will attack the difficulties of the classics and mathematics with as much interest as they display in the hardest game on the athletic field. While emphasizing the importance of high intellectual ideals in the School, teachers should endeavor to cultivate the original talents

among the boys. Lavissee, the historian, says, "All uniformity of education is dangerous, because individual divergence is necessary for the progress of human activity." This philosophic writer claims that Rome destroyed the individual genius of nations through her conquests, and that when the public life of the Empire ceased, Italy, Gaul, and Spain were unable to become nations until after the arrival of the barbarians, and after several centuries of experiments amid violence and calamity. As the imperial idea crushes out originality among nations, so school systems built upon mere conventions are the foe to individual genius. And yet, "standardization" is the cry everywhere among those in charge of educational administration; but these zealous advocates of the levelling process should be made conscious of the withering effect of uniformity among communities and nations. Lavissee, in his "Political History of Europe," raises some questions, which those educators who believe in mere standards and conventions should weigh and consider. "But how does it happen," says this historian, "that the countries which Rome did not conquer, or did not long have under her sway, now hold such a prominent place in the world; that they exhibit so much originality and such complete confidence in their future? Is it only because, having existed

a shorter time, they are entitled to a longer future? Or, perchance, did Rome leave behind her certain habits of mind, intellectual and moral qualities, which impede and limit activity? These are insolvable questions, like all similar ones whose solution it would be important for us to know. At any rate, let us not be too prompt to pass judgment in this matter. It is not certain that Cæsar's conquest of Vercingetorix was a blessing to the world." These words have an ominous significance, coming from the historian of a country whose educational system has been standardized to a most imperial form. As imperialism in government finally breaks down with its own weight, so in education, the same process will destroy genius and original mental gifts, and finally lead to intellectual revolution.

I mentioned physical well-being as the second great subject in high school administration. For many years, the old High School took an interest in popular athletics; but in the new building physical training was placed on a scientific basis and provided not only with a well-equipped gymnasium, but also with an athletic field of generous proportions. The athletic spirit has taken possession of the High School as never before; in fact, it is sweeping with a wave of popularity throughout the world. It seems to be one of the national ideals,

a fact that is deeply deplored by many critics, who claim that the sports of the field and gymnasium interfere with culture and scholarship, and divert the attention of the students from the more solid pursuits of learning. The subject of athletic interest, when viewed from an impartial point of view, leads to the inevitable conclusion that there must be some good in a movement to which a whole nation attaches so much importance. Commenting on this matter, Arthur C. Benson says, "It was characteristic of Athens at the time of her brightest political eminence, when her writers were pondering with careless ease works which have given a literary standard to the most keenly intellectual periods ever since, and are at once the wonder and despair of creative minds, to attach a similar importance to athletic pursuits. It is not therefore a state of things inconsistent with high political and intellectual fervor." Physical training in the gymnasium of the High School now needs no defenders and apologists, although, when first introduced, it was looked upon by some as an experiment of doubtful value. History confirms its importance in the life of a nation, when after 1806 the patriots of Germany began to arouse a sentiment for the regeneration of Prussia. Old Father Jahn invented modern gymnastics, when he established the Gray Cloister Gymnasium near

Berlin, and also put up apparatus in the parks and public places, where physical training was accompanied by moral and political teaching, and immediate effects were seen in the patriotic impulse that seized the youth of the land. Father Jahn also opened a gymnasium at Jena, where he received a degree from the University. His influence soon reached every part of Prussia, and glowing patriotism took the place of national decay. His followers even suggested allowing a strip of wilderness to grow up between France and Germany and peopling it with wild beasts. The gymnasium was a powerful factor in redeeming the fatherland, and Jahn's pupils were inspired with the sentiment of the poet Arndt:

That is the German's fatherland,
Where wrath pursues the foreign band,
Where every Frank is held a foe,
And Germans all as brothers glow.
That is the land,
All Germany's thy fatherland.

The charge that athletic interest shows a tendency to frivolity and pleasure-seeking in the nation can scarcely be maintained. On the other hand, foreign observers are amazed at the restless activity and boundless energy of the American people, who not only perform an unusual amount of routine work, but also undertake vast constructive schemes that are

the wonder of the world. Not content with this, the cry to-day is for still more efficiency, and there is danger of reducing man to a human machine. More work is also the demand of the schools; therefore, some wholesome form of amusement is needed to preserve the personal equation in man and save him from the fate of a mere grind. My observations lead me to believe that athletics have a social value, stimulating among the boys the spirit of companionship. They afford a means for physical exercise, thereby draining off the superfluous energy which might otherwise be expended in the School to the destruction of discipline and good order. A united school spirit can also be developed through athletics, and there is an opportunity to display in the games moral qualities of a high order. The spirit of the age, then, is in favor of physical training and athletic sports. We see this not only in school and college, but in every walk of life. It manifests itself in another form in summer camps and in the Boy Scout movement, in Young Men's Christian Association work, and in various other organizations. People live more in the open, sleep in the open, and obey the poet's injunction to

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.

George M. Trevelyan's delightful essay on "Walking" should appeal to every lover of

physical exercise and athletic sports. He said: "I have two doctors, my left leg and my right. When body and mind are out of gear (and those twin parts of me live at such close quarters that the one always catches melancholy from the other) I know that I have only to call in my doctors and I shall be well again." Here, then, we have the solution to the whole matter. Apply Mr. Trevelyan's principle of walking to all physical exercise, in school, college, and the busy world; make it, under proper regulations, and above all else, a tonic for mind and body alike, and then the physical, mental, and moral benefits derived therefrom will become apparent to all.

I gaze back in contemplation through eighteen busy years in the High School, and the forms of a host of noble youths cross the horizon of my memory. Their later careers of usefulness impress me with the thought that character-building is, above everything else, the mission of the High School and of all similar institutions in the land. These schools are free to all, and the boys, therefore, live in a democracy of learning, where they are taught to respect each other's rights, and thereby acquire the habits of good citizens. The pursuit of knowledge and the struggles on the athletic field develop moral qualities of a high order, and the friendly competition of the class-room tempers the spirit of selfishness which is often too common in the

world. My observations convince me that boys in general are not laggards who shirk their tasks; for I have seen too many examples of courage, sacrifice, endurance, self-control, generosity, honesty, fairness, and calmness in defeat as well as in victory, as they attacked the rigorous studies of the curriculum. The High School has always insisted upon character and quality in work, and the student body has caught this spirit and carried it forth into the busy world. What a brotherhood, skilled in the arts and sciences, they form, an unselfish body of workers, known of all men and in all lands by their efficiency and accomplishments! I have seen comparatively few boys fall on account of temptation and moral lapses. Indeed, how many have been saved through the good-heartedness of our President and by the aid of friendly committees of the Faculty!

Schools grow venerable in years, but they should remain youthful in service. This spirit must necessarily be imparted to the institution by the schoolmaster, who is a useful servant only so long as he has an abiding hope and interest in his work. As an eminent writer says, the teacher must rule and stimulate himself in order to govern and interest others. My purpose in writing this essay is to encourage men to continue in their profession, and to impress upon their minds the real problem which they must solve. I wish to assure other

readers that I have not endeavored to antagonize any particular type or form of schools, but simply to emphasize as forcibly as possible the fundamental principles and essentials of higher education. The subject is of vital importance at present on account of the intense national earnestness which America shows in her schools, an earnestness that should invite strong men into the service; for the future is bright with hope and rich with promise.

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

AT THE

WENONAH MILITARY ACADEMY
WENONAH, NEW JERSEY

JUNE 11, 1914

JUNE is the month of commencements, and it is an old established custom to offer advice to the happy graduates, who are about to proceed to college or go out into the serious duties of life. It must be a great satisfaction to the graduates to-day who have completed the prescribed course of this School, and are now saying farewell as students to the institution forever. But memories of the years passed here will twine around the heart throughout life, and your affection for this place will grow more intense with fleeting time. The difficulties of mastering hard lessons will fade from the mind, and as later years bring to you their achievements, the days of youthful school life will loom up cheerfully upon your vision as the happiest epoch of your existence. It is a source of pleasure and great profit for a man to have his name enrolled with the alumni body of a good school. While our American schools lack the antiquity and historical fame of the institutions of the old world, they are imbued with

the spirit of progress of this new Republic, and while they lack the cloistered air of the mediæval times, they still are centres of culture, and, at the same time, train the pupils for the practical affairs of the western world. The founders must have consulted the oracle in selecting the site of this Military Academy, for here kind nature smiles upon you with all her loveliness, and yet, with Philadelphia as a centre, you lie within a radius of a great throbbing population of more than two million people. With your beautiful rural surroundings, you still have at hand all the resources of a great metropolis which make for intellectual progress and industrial life. And as a word of encouragement for the future of your School, I may be pardoned for the remark that within an hour's ride from Philadelphia lie the most prosperous fitting schools in the United States.

Education has grown to be the leading interest in America. Public schools with their liberal appropriations of money, and private institutions with their rich endowments now reach the masses in every part of the land, and the return is more satisfactory than from any other form of expenditure. Education is a popular movement, and the people have faith in it as a means of solving the difficult problems that rise from time to time in our national life.

Fortunate, indeed, and thrice blest are you who have thus been able to enjoy this environment of culture and scholarship. Yours have been peculiar advantages and opportunities; but great also will be your responsibilities. American education trains the youth to take their places in the most highly organized democracy the world has ever seen. Our government demands the services of every citizen to help preserve these institutions from decay; and we should remember that the most insidious danger to the Republic lies in the careless and selfish attitude of the people toward the welfare of the State.

It is difficult to say anything new and interesting at a school commencement. I fear that any remarks that I may offer on an educational theme would be very trite, indeed. But this occasion encourages me to refer especially to one among the many excellent features of your Academy, and that is the course in military training. We do not hope for war, and we know that peace hath her victories no less renowned than war. Likewise, peace demands the same positive virtues no less than war, and as a great nation, pursuing our course to a higher destiny, the same qualities should inspire us that distinguish great soldiers in the camp and on the field of battle. The civilian, no less than the soldier, should be trained

into the habit of obedience, of reverence, of independence, and of honesty. "Stranger, tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here in obedience to their laws." This was the simple inscription, composed by Simonides, to commemorate the heroic and conscious devotion of the faithful band of Leonidas at Thermopylæ. As Dr. Lieber says: "It was not merely the happy conceit of an individual; it was the true expression of the public spirit. Obedience to the laws implies a true loyalty to the State, and we should all learn that it is a privilege of men to obey laws, and a delight to obey good ones." Again, he remarks: "Man is wholly man only in society; society is what it ought to be only through laws; laws are virtually laws only when obeyed; therefore, man's destiny requires obedience to the laws." That eminent publicist, Dr. Lieber, has contributed a valuable and safe guide for the American youth in his "Political Ethics," and I repeat the substance of his observations on the value of military training in the sentences that follow. Military training also stimulates in man the spirit of reverence, by which he feels linked to his fellow-men in a serious and earnest contemplation of all things, striving to know their real character and connection with life. The belief that military training may lead to blind submissiveness is only to be feared where education

is imperfect or liberty at a low ebb. On the other hand, the soldier life develops the quality of independence, for it includes the love of justice, of right, of acting manfully by principle, of disdaining popularity when need be, of holding up the head in spite of the heavy blows which fate may inflict, of being bravely yet calmly a true man. Likewise, this training emphasizes the habit of honesty, even in the smallest details and trifles, both as to truth and property. It is not sufficient that the young learn to shun pilfering, but it is necessary that a sacred regard for property, in all its manifestations, be early instilled into their souls. That greatest aim of all moral education, to make men just and true, kind and self-controlled, is also the most important education for the State. Let men be just and true, and what is not gained? For the soldier and civilian alike, the motto should be:

Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's.

Equipped with this happy combination of military training and culture, the graduates of this School should be prepared to go forth and attack the problems of life with energy and enthusiasm. Some years ago, Arthur C. Benson wrote a book, "From a College Window," in

which he vigorously criticised the system of education in the English higher schools and universities. He said that he failed to see the students flinging themselves with ardor into modern literature, history, philosophy, science, and practical subjects. But on the other hand, he said: "I see instead, intellectual cynicism, intellectual apathy, an absorbing love of physical exercise, an appetite for material pleasure, a distaste for books and thought." This criticism might apply to an aristocratic country, where education is a luxury of the privileged class, but in democratic America, even the higher schools are within reach of the masses, and these institutions have suited their courses to meet the demands of a practical age. Moreover, an experience of many years with young men in school convinces me that they do not in this country form a leisure class, but that they are anxious to get out into the world and apply their knowledge to their various callings and pursuits. Our educated men are generally eager for action and ready to answer the demands made upon them in public and private life.

The militant and aggressive spirit should be found in the student body of this School. The land of the strenuous life is beckoning men of this type, and careers of usefulness are opening to those who are ready and efficient. In this

connection, let us remember the words of St. Paul, the militant hero of the ancient world, who, when determined on journeying to Jerusalem, declared, "I am ready," although persecution, and even death might await him. In this day of religious freedom, men are not persecuted for their faith; but it is expected of educated men that they shall be constantly ready for every serious duty that awaits them. The scholars are the minute men of the world, responding to service in a thousand lines whenever called, and if they fail when summoned, a serious indictment is framed against the whole educational structure. The Minute Men of the Revolution, how their deeds appeal to the imagination, even after the lapse of one hundred and forty years! They went from the plough to the battle-field at a moment's call, and by the bridge at Concord their glory is perpetuated by a statue, and commemorated by Emerson, in the lines:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood
Their flag to April breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

This is the type of men that we need to-day in every walk of life. As the troops were ready at a moment's call in the Revolution, the Civil War, the War with Spain, and at Vera Cruz,

so in days of peace the same spirit should animate the citizen in the performance of every serious duty. Admiral Fletcher's report on the efficiency and readiness of our naval force at Vera Cruz should not only be a source of pride to our army and navy, but it should be an example to every citizen to respond to the call to patriotic duty, and to render efficient service in the professional and industrial world.

Likewise, military training should inspire the student with a love of unselfish service for mankind. In this country, the soldier expects no personal gain. On the other hand, in war his only hope is either a costly sacrifice for his country, or in case of survival, to receive the praise of a grateful people. The days of the mercenary are over, and armies are now recruited from the best blood of the nation, and called into action only to defend great moral principles. This idea of service has pervaded the sphere of government, and the individual cannot escape his share in the general contribution to the good of the masses. A hundred years ago, Jefferson would have the national government merely perform police powers and preserve peace among the States and with foreign powers; but to-day we expect the authorities at Washington to develop many lines of social and economic service. There is no doubt

that the extension of these Federal activities has made us one of the most happy, wealthy, respectable, and powerful nations that ever inhabited the globe. Besides, if we read the platform of the Progressive Party, and "The New Nationalism," we find that a large element of our population would have the government go still farther into unexplored fields of service. Such is the unmistakable tendency of the age.

As an important part of our education, we must learn that the individual cannot evade this unselfish service to his fellow-men. We are living under changed conditions. When the Federal Constitution was adopted, we were a rural nation, with a population widely scattered; but now urban conditions prevail, and more than forty per cent. of our people live in cities. Our social relations are close, and it is an important fact to remember that our educational stewardship will be largely measured by the extent of our unselfish service to mankind. Thus, by the very conditions under which we live, we labor not for ourselves alone, but for all mankind. The physician may become rich in his profession; but through the discoveries in medical science, he is a benefactor to the human race. The successful lawyer, it is true, receives large fees; but through the ages, he has helped to develop that science which binds large com-

munities together into nations, and sacredly guards property and human rights. The college professor no longer lives exclusively among his books, but by the very nature of our civilization, his active service now extends beyond the college walls. Of the Faculty of Wisconsin University, more than forty are engaged in public administrative positions, and professors direct the work of nineteen State boards and commissions. Likewise, the church, forgetting theological differences, is making itself felt as never before in the social uplift of humanity. It is assisting in fulfilling the divine promise, even in this world, that the people may have life and have it more abundantly in all that pertains to a general diffusion of wealth, happiness, education, improved civic and rural conditions, good government, and righteousness in private and public life. The educated man must be ready to join in this movement for the common good of mankind. The school furnishes the necessary mental equipment, and directs the mind into a proper attitude toward the world. Then the student must go forth with the thought that it is not enough to know; but he must make the truth prevail. One of the greatest blessings of school work is, that in the friendly rivalry for academic honors, the heartless competition of life is greatly tempered, and the boys learn that in the larger world, the

pick and the pen meet in the brotherhood of man. Truly, we learn in school the social value of the lines of Burns,

A man's a man for a' that and a' that.

In this connection, we all might turn with profit to Arnold Bennett's little book, "The Human Machine," a work that emphasizes a better knowledge of the mind and brain, and of the art of right living. I should like to urge the graduates to read this book; for there is much truth in Bennett's remark that people generally reach the age of fifty-five before they begin to live with professional skill. We finish our lives as amateurs, just as we began them, and when the machine creaks and refuses to obey the steering wheel, we say, "It can't be helped. It will be all the same a hundred years hence." The author's thought is that we have been using the human machine without understanding it, and that in school we should learn to know the mind and body, as well as to acquire a proper knowledge of the art of living. Even at the age of fifty, we are apt to know more about the draught of a chimney, or of the Greeks and Babylonians, than we do of the human mind. Truly, in the schools, we should be impressed with Sir William Hamilton's remark, "In the world

there is nothing great but man, and in man there is nothing great but mind," and the sacred record places him above all other works,

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet.

The knowledge of ourselves and of the art of right living transcends in importance all the accumulated learning of the books. If the sage of Greece were living to-day, he would repeat his maxim, "Know thyself," with ever-increasing emphasis; and Marcus Aurelius might well remind us that "the perfecting of life is a power residing in the soul"; but to-day, under changed conditions, abstract speculations must become vital action; that power residing in the soul must become a living force, and along with knowledge of self, dedicated to a fruitful service for mankind. In perfecting this art of living, let us then remember that it does not lie in bookish culture, nor in contemplating the achievements of past civilizations. Books are a true delight and a comfort to the scholar, and they contain the accumulated sources of knowledge. But the art of proper living in this age when populations, communities, and nations are drawn so close together, is to establish harmonious relations with all mankind. Nations now accomplish this through treaties, international law, and in arbitration as

a substitute for war. Individuals must assume the same attitude through kindness, mutual sympathy, and a recognition of rights and duties to each other. This spirit of service and unselfishness we must, therefore, carry from the schools into life, and its constant practice will destroy the antagonisms and still the jarring sounds that so often disturb our social peace. Then the comforting hope of "Peace on earth; good will toward men," will become a living reality, and then this great nation will throb as with one heart, and act as with one mind in moving towards the higher destiny that awaits us.

But it is now time to end these serious reflections, offered to you, I must confess, in a rather desultory fashion. I sincerely hope that the members of the graduating class may have all the joys that go with scholarship, and possess the manly virtues that I have emphasized, in dealing with the responsibilities of life. Like Theseus of old, you have been furnished with the weapons to fight the battles of life. Two roads, the easy and the difficult, lay before him on his way to Athens. He chose the rugged path beset with many dangers, but properly armed and with a resolute spirit, he conquered every foe and reached his journey's end in safety. It is not my thought that you should be engaged in constant struggle, but I believe that serious duties and responsibilities

you will not avoid for an existence of mere ease and comfort. We need not refer to classical examples of the heroic type of man; for our own history is rich with this noble quality which has done so much to develop American civilization. It has always been a conspicuous trait of manhood in this country, and our faith in you is such that we are confident that as you go out into life you will preserve all the best traditions of American character. I sincerely trust that the bright expectations of parents and friends may be abundantly realized, and that these young men, the pride of the home and the hope of the future, may complete the happiness of all interested in their welfare, with successful careers and rich accomplishments. The debt of gratitude will then be fully repaid, and the Military Academy honored and encouraged in its services to the community and country at large.

ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON:
AN APPRECIATION

ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON

AN APPRECIATION OF HIS TWENTY YEARS' SERVICE AS
PRESIDENT OF THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL,
PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 26, 1914

THE month of February, 1914, has a special significance to Philadelphians in the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Central High School. The twentieth anniversary of Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson's presidency of the School, occurring at the same time, gives an additional interest to the occasion. His connection with the School is contemporary with a great period of educational expansion and reform in this country. With a rich experience of more than twenty years as a university professor, he brought to the Central High School a combination of rare culture and liberal ideas without a parallel in any modern secondary school. With the hopeful characteristics of the Celtic race, he has constantly held out to the Faculty and student body a brighter future for the School, and his presidency is a remarkable epoch, the history of which will be adequately recorded in years to come. Institutions take character from the men who labor in their founding and history, and this is true of schools as it is of political societies. Doctor Thompson's constant insist-

ence on culture in Faculty and students alike has left an indelible impression on the character of the Central High School.

On his accession as President of the School, Doctor Thompson at once began to introduce many reasonable incentives to excellent work among the students. He devised the plan of exempting those boys from examination who had done well in their studies during the year, and good results were at once observed. He established the Committee on Discipline to deal with offences among the boys, and the meetings of this body every Thursday have been a feature of High School administration for twenty years. Another feature of discipline introduced by Doctor Thompson is the Conference Committee, in which the student body and Faculty are represented, to which all matters are referred which may improve the relations of the students to the School. These means of discipline were prompted by the spirit of fair play, which has been so notably conspicuous in Doctor Thompson's administration of school affairs. While imposing high standards of scholarship and a rigorous curriculum upon the students, the boys have at all times been treated with a liberal spirit, and the serious work of the class-rooms has been conducted with reasonable methods, free from the drudgery so often to be found in the schools of the fathers.

A fresh impetus to secondary education was aroused in Philadelphia with the occupancy of the new Central High School building in November, 1902. In this magnificent temple of learning the Central High School was given a new opportunity for expansion, and rapid growth immediately followed. Our institution thus became a mother of high schools; for in response to the popular demand that arose from every part of the City, several district high schools have been established and additional ones are being projected. Doctor Thompson generously gave counsel in the organization of these new schools, and impressed upon the authorities the necessity of liberal courses of study and ample equipment in each of the additional high schools.

The Central High School, established in the new building, entered upon a fresh period of growth and usefulness. Its advance has been marvelous, not merely in the numbers of the students, but also in the expansion of the departments. Thus, the department of commerce has developed into a high school of commerce. The department of pedagogy has grown into the school of pedagogy, and has gone forth like a Greek colony into a territory of its own. In order to insure growth, every institution must be possessed with a high ideal which it seeks to attain. Doctor Thompson's constant

ambition has been to extend the course of study by adding additional years, so as to increase the value of the degrees conferred. It should be remarked that this ideal has been a permanent influence for good with the Faculty, the members having ever before them the possibility of an institution with collegiate rank, in which their sphere of influence would be considerably enlarged. This ideal has also been a source of inspiration to the professors to pursue original research and authorship in their various departments, and thus make contributions to the stores of knowledge. Doctor Thompson has frequently set an example to the Faculty in this direction by his own publications, and he has encouraged the professors not merely to be teachers, but also to engage in productive scholarship.

In Doctor Thompson, it may be truly said that the professors of the Central High School have ever been in the presence of a master who has unselfishly given them of his stores of knowledge. The mere mention of a good book by a professor suggests to the Doctor the text for a learned discourse, and seated about the table in the Faculty Room, we have enjoyed the rare pleasure of listening to his profitable talks on the subject at hand. As members of the Faculty, we feel that we have been attending school with Doctor Thompson as our teacher.

The chief elements in a great school are not the petty details of administration; but more important is the rare presence of a great mind with ample stores of knowledge. So much time is wasted to-day by school authorities in gathering statistics, and in trivial matters which have no permanent value. But the few great schools of the world are what great minds have made them, and ordinary matters of administration are justly subordinated in schools of this type. A history of twenty years of the Central High School will not deal with the daily routine of administration, but with the ideals of the School, which, we hope, will in the future meet with a good measure of realization.

The impressions made by Doctor Thompson on the student body of our School will grow stronger with the passing years. These are, after all, the enduring foundations which the teacher lays. Doctor Thompson's influence in the High School extends far beyond the ordinary pedagogical limits. The feeling manner in which he reads the Scriptures in the morning exercises, and the eloquent addresses to the boys on these occasions, are a power for good which cannot be forgotten. His baccalaureate sermons to the graduating classes are marked by a true spiritual dignity, and his regular lectures on ethics and economics are an unusual treat for students of a high-school grade. In

referring to the vast sums of money expended on public schools in America, Dr. Eliot declares: "It is, indeed, far the most profitable of all the forms of public expenditure; and this is true whether one looks first to material prosperity, or to mental and moral well-being; whether one regards chiefly average results, or the results obtained through highly gifted individuals." A review of twenty years of the Central High School confirms our belief in Dr. Eliot's conclusions, and convinces us that the labors of these years have not been in vain, but that the reward has been rich and abundant.

RANKE AND HIS PUPILS

RANKE AND HIS PUPILS*

IN writing the preface to the fourth volume of his history, Gibbon said: "I shall content myself with renewing my serious protestation, that I have always endeavored to draw from the fountain-head; that my curiosity, as well as a sense of duty, has always urged me to study the originals; and that, if they have sometimes eluded my search, I have carefully marked the secondary evidence, on whose faith a passage or a fact was reduced to depend." This was written in the eighteenth century, when history in its modern sense was at its lowest ebb, and my friend, H. Morse Stephens, declares that Gibbon was the first to foreshadow the attitude of the historian of to-day. Prof. Stephens truly states that others than Gibbon, and before his time, may have held the views and practised the methods of modern historians; but Niebuhr and Ranke not only formulated these ideas and put them into practice, but they founded the modern scientific school of history. It was Niebuhr's great ambition to write a history of Rome which should end where Gibbon began; but his task remained unaccomplished, for he

* A review of certain chapters in G. P. Gooch's "History and Historians of the Nineteenth Century."

never got farther than to the Punic Wars. Prof. Stephens, in describing his services to modern students, claims that in rejecting the fables of Livy, and showing why they were to be rejected, he showed the way for all later historians.

Bartholdt George Niebuhr was a Colossus among the scholars of the modern world, and I have read and re-read with pleasure a little book, "Conversations with Niebuhr," by Francis Lieber during his residence in Rome, when Niebuhr was gathering material for his history. This little book should be in the possession of every professor of history; for it reveals the vast learning of the founder of modern historical method, and describes his patient and diligent researches among the ruins of Rome for reliable source material. Ranke followed Niebuhr and farther developed his critical methods, applying them to all his voluminous works, and impressing upon students the necessity of discovering how things actually happened. He claimed that, first and last, the duty of the historian was to search for truth, and that all possible material must be sifted out with trained and critical judgment. G. P. Gooch, in his "History and Historians of the Nineteenth Century," has given us an elaborate treatment of the influence of Ranke upon the scientific tendency of history, and

how he was instrumental in taking the subject out of the realm of philosophy and literature. Mr. Gooch declares that while Ranke's predecessors emphasized politics, law, religion, or patriotism, he was the first German to pursue history for no purpose but its own. He expected no professional knowledge from his readers, and never wrote for specialists. He practised moderation and restraint, and his works are a triumph of fairness and impartiality. He outlived all rivalry and antagonism, and heard Arneth declare before the assembled historians that he alone among all prose writers had furnished a masterpiece to every country.

In reviewing this scientific trend of history, we may turn with profit to George M. Trevelyan's recent work, "Clio, a Muse, and Other Essays." Mr. Trevelyan is not entirely satisfied with this new treatment of history, and he sees the popular influence of the subject greatly diminished since it was proclaimed a science for specialists, and not literature for the common reader of books. While, in the early Victorian age, historians did much to form the ideas of the new era, to-day the thought of the young generation is derived from novelists and playwrights. Thus, he beholds with sorrow a constant demand for books like the "Criminal Queens of History," and spicy memoirs lightly served up for the general appetite, while

“serious history is a sacred thing pinnacled afar on frozen heights of science, not to be approached save after a long novitiate.” At the same time, he notes that “The Cambridge Modern History” is bought by the yard to decorate bookshelves, and like the “Encyclopædia Britannica,” its mere presence in the library is enough. And yet, Mr. Trevelyan admits that while Ranke and his successors banished the prophets and bards from their seats among the mighty, and established a new order of priesthood among the historians, there has been a vast gain in the deeper academic life of the nation. While history is regarded as literature no longer, it has acquired an important standing in higher institutions, and this he regards as one of the most important facts in modern education. Mr. Trevelyan offers a happy suggestion that all historical scholars can adopt without sacrificing truth or scientific treatment. He would have them write their works not merely for the perusal of brother historians, but for the best portion of the general public. He claims that fine English prose can be devoted to the serious exposition of fact and argument, and in this respect, it has a glory all its own. May we not all profit by Mr. Trevelyan’s closing words: “To read sustained and magnificent historical narrative educates the mind and the character; some even,

whose natures, craving the definite, seldom respond to poetry, find in such writing the highest pleasure that they know. Unfortunately, the historians of literary genius have never been plentiful, and we are told that there will never be any more. Certainly we shall have to wait for them, but let us wish for them and work for them. If we confess that we lack something, and cease to make a merit of our chief defect, if we encourage the rising generation to work at the art of construction and narrative as a part of the historian's task, we may at once get a better level of historical writing, and our children may live to enjoy modern Gibbons, judicious Carlyles, and sceptical Macaulays."

As to the particular subject of my paper, Ranke was born in the year 1795, and was educated at Leipsic University, where he studied theology and classical philology, and also devoted much attention to the ancient historians. He taught philology for seven years in the gymnasium at Frankfort on the Oder, and was finally convinced by Niebuhr that historians could exist in the modern world. His professional duties as a teacher also had much to do with turning his attention to history, and his first work, "History of the Romance and Teutonic Peoples," was written for his own satisfaction rather than for the public.

In this history, Ranke revealed his great moderation and tranquillity of mind in treating the larger themes of the past. He was strongly attracted by the human side of history, and declared that it was so sweet to revel in the wealth of all the centuries, to meet all the heroes face to face, to live through everything again. He inclined toward the personal side of history, and held the view that the deciding factor in history is men in action. Thus, we hear less of the masses than their leaders, and less of conditions than of actions. Although Ranke again and again declared that his only aim in history was to show what actually occurred, yet he is constantly teaching moral lessons; as, for instance, when he portrays the shameless corruption of Italy as sealing her doom, and his judgment on the death of Alexander the Sixth, when he writes, "A limit is set to human crime. He died and became the abomination of the centuries." The reception of the work of the young Frankfort teacher was highly favorable, and he was rewarded by a call to Berlin University. In his own language, the door to his true life was now open so that he could spread his wings. At Berlin, Ranke profited by the friendship of Savigny, Rahel, and Varnhagen; but his greatest joy was to be found in the riches of the archives, including the relations of the Venetian ambassadors of

the sixteenth century. In the presence of this wealth of original material, he determined to rewrite the history of modern Europe. With the aid of the Venetian reports, he wrote the "History of the Ottomans and the Spanish Monarchy of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," a work that brought him the privilege of subsidized travel for four years. In Vienna, he wrote the "History of the Revolutions in Servia," and proceeding to Rome, he prepared "Venice at the End of the Sixteenth Century." He remarked later that he had never learned or thought more than during these crowded years of travel. Returning to Berlin, he became editor of the *Historico-Political Review*, a journal founded for the purpose of combating the French influence; and while engaged in this capacity, his "History of the Popes" began to appear. This work did more than any other to raise its author to that supreme rank among historians which he has so long enjoyed. It is founded largely on documents still in manuscript and lying unedited in the libraries of Venice and Rome. His "History of the Reformation in Germany" began to appear in 1845, and it forms a series of commentaries on the Reformation rather than a history itself. Its greatest value is in the light it throws on the relations of Prussia to the other states of Germany while the Refor-

mation was in progress. It is to be valued for its judgments on difficult and obscure points rather than for its descriptions. His "History of England," published in 1876, completed the cycle of his works dealing with the great powers of Europe. While the author treats in some measure the whole of English history to the death of George the Second, he evidently regarded the portions relating to the Reformation period as the body of the work. To one who is just beginning the study of English history, much of Ranke's England will be in a measure incomprehensible, but for one who has already considerable knowledge of the subject, it is not surpassed by any other. As Gooch says in his "History and Historians of the Nineteenth Century," "It is the history for historians."

In 1880, at the age of eighty-five, Ranke began to publish his new work on universal history. For several years he had been unable to read and write, and he had to labor through two secretaries. It is a wonderful production, considered merely as the intellectual achievement of a man between eighty and ninety who could no longer read and write. Though this history deals above all with great tendencies, the importance of the individual actor is emphasized on every page. He says: "On the summit of deep, universal, tumultuous movements appear natures cast in gigantic mould

which rivet the attention of the centuries. General tendencies do not alone decide; great personalities are always necessary to make them effective."

Ranke's services to history, as summarized by Gooch in his "History and Historians of the Nineteenth Century," are, first, to divorce the study of the past from the passions of the present and relate what actually occurred. His own strong opinions remained locked in his bosom. In the second place, he established the necessity of founding historical construction on strictly contemporary sources. When he began to write, historians of good repute still depended on memoirs and chronicles; but when he laid down his pen, every scholar had learned to make use of nothing less than the papers and correspondence of the actors themselves, and those in immediate contact with the events they describe. In the third place, he founded the science of evidence, by the analysis of authorities, and henceforth every historian must inquire where his informant obtained his facts.

Ranke was a brilliant teacher, as well as a great historian, and Mr. Gooch summarizes the impressions left by a number of his students. Giesebrecht said: "The unusual liveliness was at first disconcerting. The lecture was thoroughly prepared. The notes lay before the

teacher, but his words came forth as a creation of the moment and at times his material seemed to overwhelm him. The stream rarely flowed evenly. First it would issue slowly and then so rapidly that it was difficult to follow; or again there would be a long pause, because the speaker seemed unable to find the word which conveyed the picture of his fancy." "Ranke's lectures," writes Hermann Grimm, "chained me from the first word to the last. He filled beginners with the feeling that they were witnessing the affairs of men with the experience of veteran statesmen. He spoke as if he had been present at all the incidents which he described." Ranke continued his lectures until 1871, when he was compelled to retire on account of ill-health. His later years as a teacher are described by Reuss, who said: "He spoke without great animation, and was only audible on the front benches. But sometimes he arrived with a more rapid step, produced some new book from his pocket, and discussed in animated improvisation questions of method and criticism arising out of it. Then his wrinkled face lit up with a singular flame, he gesticulated like a young man, and those who were attentive and advanced enough to profit by the oracles, were amply compensated for many dull sittings." In 1833, Ranke founded a Seminar in his own study at Berlin for the

purpose of training those who wished to make history their profession. Gooch says that this Seminar was attended by a group of students, every one of whom was to win fame in the fields of research. Ranke set the young men to work on a critical study of the Middle Ages, and every member of the group found his life work and was destined to become engaged in productive authorship.

Of the members of Ranke's Seminar, three men gained particular distinction in the fields of historical research. The first of these students was Waitz, who after pursuing critical studies of the sources, wrote the "German Constitutional History," and later became professor at Kiel, Göttingen, and Berlin. He died the same day as Ranke, the latter aged ninety, and the former seventy-three. While Ranke's books were written for the masses, Waitz worked and wrote for scholars, and it is only scholars who can measure the value of his services. The second of Ranke's pupils to reach world-wide fame was Giesebrecht, who, being trained in the art of his master, prepared after twenty years labor, "The History of the German Imperial Idea." His dream was to see a re-united Germany, and his ideal was a powerful empire, a vigorous church, and a God-fearing people. His original intention was to bring his narrative down to the end of the Hohen-

staufen period; but the plan was modified, and when he died, he was still at work on Barbarossa. Giesebrecht's book afforded a powerful stimulus to his generation, and his imperialism and pride in his race helped to make his work the political and moral influence that he desired. He lived to see the new empire formed in 1871, taking on a better form than he had glorified in his history. He spent a long life in mastering a single epoch, and in writing a single book; but among all his countrymen employed on the Middle Ages, no one was more widely read and trusted. The youngest and most scholarly of Ranke's pupils was Sybel, who devoted his energies to renewing the connection between history and politics, which Ranke had done his utmost to break. He went to Berlin in 1834, at the age of seventeen, and was at once admitted to the Seminar. After being thoroughly trained in the sources, he wrote the "History of the First Crusade." The work was highly praised for its critical and narrative qualities. Gooch declares that he put the old chroniclers of the Crusades under the anatomical knife, and thereby robbed this movement of many legends, took from Peter the Hermit and Godfrey of Bouillon their aureole, and wrote a plain story from the best sources. He was called as Privat Docent to Bonn, where he began to prepare his work on German institu-

tions, publishing "The Origin of the German Kingship" in 1844. He was rewarded by a call to Marburg University, where he was converted from mediævalism to become the spokesman of the national liberals. It should also be remembered that among Ranke's pupils was Maximilian of Bavaria, and when that prince became king in 1848, he determined to bring Ranke to Munich. The formal invitation was received by the historian in 1853, but he refused to leave Berlin. Although Maximilian failed to attract his old teacher to Munich, he founded the Historical Commission of the Bavarian Academy, with Ranke as President, and Gooch claims that this Commission has done more to further historical studies than any other institution.

Gooch relates that Ranke in his old age, when surrounded by his children and grandchildren, used to say, "I have another and older family, my pupils and their pupils." He was proud of Sybel, Waitz, and Giesebrecht, and wrote to the last named, "You make my glory as a teacher complete." If Ranke were living to-day, his pride would be increased on witnessing the universal recognition of history in the high schools, colleges, and universities of the world; for as Mr. Trevelyan says: "Clio is driving the classical Athene out of the field as the popular Arts course in our universities."

The influence of Ranke and his family on the scholars in our own land has been profound. Beginning with George Bancroft, a host of Americans have proceeded to the German universities, where, as students, they acquired the critical methods of historical research. Our own universities have also introduced the Seminar methods of graduate work, employed with marked success by Ranke at Berlin. Our debt to Ranke and his pupils is great, and the American historians would perform a gracious act by observing next year the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of his birth, thereby recognizing the contributions of German culture and scholarship to our civilization.

GOSSIP IN A LIBRARY

GOSSIP IN A LIBRARY

IN my library I can always meet with faithful friends, who greet me with a kind word, ever ready to unfold their ample knowledge, and share with me their boundless stores of wealth. In the companionship of books there is a true democracy. Poets, sages, and historians alike condescend to form intimate relations with me. Surrounded by such companions as these, I love to choose some theme relating to the distant past, and my erudite friends invariably begin a conversation leading to the realm of history, whose by-ways are filled with interesting scenes and charming subjects.

This evening I have been consulting a number of old worthies who wrote much about America in the eighteenth century. Their names are rarely mentioned to-day, and the average student does not become acquainted with their works. I first held an extended conversation with Thomas Pownall, whose interest in America led him in 1764 to publish a book entitled "The Administration of the British Colonies." I have before me the fifth edition of the same, published in 1774, containing much additional information. The author, Thomas Pownall, an Englishman, was born in 1722 and died in 1805.

He held various positions which gave him much detailed information concerning the American colonies. In 1745, he became Secretary to the Commission for Trade and Plantations. In 1755, he acted as commissioner for Massachusetts Bay in negotiating with the other colonies for the expedition against Crown Point. In 1757, he was appointed Governor of Massachusetts, and shortly afterwards held the same office in New Jersey and South Carolina successively. In 1761, he was made Comptroller-General of the army in Germany, and later became a member of Parliament, until 1780, when he retired to private life.

Pownall was one of the first Englishmen to understand the position of our country geographically. He realized the importance of the Atlantic Ocean and the great inland waters in the development of our trade and commerce. He desired to call England's attention to these opportunities for commercial supremacy in the New World; and so in "The Administration of the Colonies" he wishes to see the British Islands and the American possessions united into "one grand marine dominion." Referring to the differences between the colonies and the mother country, he says: "As the rising of this crisis forms precisely the object on which government should be employed, so the taking leading measures towards the forming all those

Atlantic and American possessions into one empire, of which Great Britain should be the commercial and political centre, is the precise duty of government at this crisis." Pownall possessed what most of the English statesmen of his day hopelessly lacked—an accurate knowledge of American conditions and affairs. This ignorance inspired the Navigation Acts and other harsh commercial regulations, all of which helped to alienate the colonies from the mother country. He knew of the resources of America, and saw in the distance the approaching storm long before it burst in its awful fury. This he predicts in his book, as follows: "The whole train of events, the whole course of business, must perpetually bring forward into practice, and necessarily in the end, into establishment, either an American or a British union. There is no other alternative." Again, he says: "Such is the actual state of the really existing system of our dominions, that neither the power of government over these various parts can long continue under the present mode of administration, nor the great interests of commerce extended throughout the whole long subsist under the present system of the laws of trade."

In the midst of the Revolutionary War, Pownall was a warm friend of America. On December 2, 1777, he declared in the House

of Commons, that "the sovereignty of this country over America is abolished and gone forever." Speaking further on the same subject, he said: "Until you shall be convinced that you are no longer sovereigns of America, but that the United States are an independent, sovereign people,—until you are prepared to treat them as such,—it is of no consequence at all what schemes or plans of conciliation this side of the House or that may adopt." In following the writings of this friend of America, I find a sympathetic tone in all his arguments. In his "Memorial to the Sovereigns of Europe," published in 1780, he says of our country: "North America is become a primary planet in the system of the world, which, while it takes its own course, must have effect on the orbit of every other planet, and shift the common centre of gravity of the whole system of the European world. North America is *de facto* an independent power, which has taken its equal station with other powers, and must be so *de jure*. The independence of America is fixed as fate. She is mistress of her own future, knows that she is so, and will actuate that power which she feels she hath, so as to establish her own system and to change the system of Europe."

Gracious and prophetic words are these from this friend across the seas! In closing my

gossip with Thomas Pownall, I wish to quote his remarks on the birthright of the American citizen, as he describes it in his "Memorial to the Sovereigns of America": "Every inhabitant of America is *de facto* as well as *de jure*, equal, in his essential, inseparable rights of the individual, to any other individual, and is, in these rights, independent of any power that any other can assume over him, over his labor, or his property. This is a principle in act and deed, and not a mere speculative theorem."

I next began a friendly chat with Peter Kalm, the Swedish traveller, who made a visit to America in the year 1748. The observations and experiences of this tour are published in an interesting work, now before me, the pretentious title of which reads as follows: "Travels into North America; Containing its Natural History, and a Circumstantial Account of its Plantations and Agriculture in General, with the Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Commercial State of the Country, the Manners of the Inhabitants, and Several Curious and Important Remarks on Various Subjects. By Peter Kalm, Professor of Œconomy in the University of Aobo in Swedish Finland, and Member of the Swedish Royal Academy of Sciences. Translated into English by John Reinhold Forster, F.A.S. Enriched with a Map, Several Cuts for the Illustration of Natural History and Some

Additional Notes. In Three Volumes. London, 1772."

These volumes contain one of the best of the numerous accounts of America that appeared in the eighteenth century. Peter Kalm, the author, was born at Osterbotten in 1715, and died in Aobo in 1779. In the year 1745, he was made a professor in the University of Aobo, Swedish Finland. About 1740, Baron Charles Bielke, Vice President of the Court of Justice in Finland, made a proposal to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, to send an able man to the northern parts of Siberia and Iceland, there to make such observations as would improve the Swedish husbandry, gardening, manufacturing, arts and sciences. Dr. Linnæus suggested that a journey through North America would be of greater utility; for the plants of this region thrived well in the Swedish climate, and promised to be very useful in husbandry. The project of such a journey was revived in 1745, when the Royal Academy agreed to send Professor Kalm to North America.

Professor Kalm started for the New World in October, 1747, accompanied by Lars Yungstraem, a gardener well skilled in the knowledge of plants. He arrived at London in February, 1748, and then visited different parts of England, making observations in gardening

and husbandry. On August 16, he embarked on the long voyage across the Atlantic, his destination being New Castle on the Delaware, which was reached on the 26th of September. Kalm employed the remainder of the year 1748 in collecting seeds of trees and plants, and sending them to Sweden. He passed the winter with the Swedish people at Raccoon, New Jersey. In the spring, he travelled through New Jersey and New York, along the Hudson and the Great Lakes, to Montreal and Quebec. Returning in the fall to Philadelphia, he sent a new cargo of seeds and plants to Sweden. In 1750, he made a tour of Western Pennsylvania, and visited the Indian tribes in New York. In October, he returned to Philadelphia from this summer expedition.

In the spring of 1751, Kalm embarked at New Castle for his native country, and on June 13 arrived at Stockholm. He at once resumed his professorship at Aobo, and in a private garden began the cultivation of many American plants. As publishers in Sweden were few, the account of his journey appeared at intervals and at his own expense. It was first published in the Swedish language, but was soon translated into German. The English edition in three volumes was offered to the public in the year 1772.

Kalm relates his observations as they occurred

day by day, in the form of a diary, or journal. As everything was new to him, his descriptions are filled with the minutest details, now giving a scientific account of the petrel that hovered about the vessel, and of every seaweed noticed on the waters; and again, telling his readers of the art of making apple dumplings in Pennsylvania. His interest in the Swedes on the Delaware naturally led him to give much space in his "Travels" to Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania. He states that on his arrival in Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin was the first to notice him, and to give him all necessary instructions. He says: "I found that I was now come into a new world. Whenever I looked to the ground, I everywhere found such plants as I had never seen before. When I saw a tree, I was forced to stop, and ask those who accompanied me, how it was called. I was seized with terror at the thought of ranging so many new and unknown parts of natural history. At first, I only considered the plants, without venturing on a more accurate examination."

Kalm expresses his admiration of the fine appearance of Philadelphia, its regular streets, comfortable houses, numerous churches, and the old Town Hall, having a tower with a bell in the middle, "the greatest ornament in the town." He praises the public spirit of Benjamin Franklin in founding the Philadelphia Library,

which, he says, "is open every Saturday from four to eight o'clock in the afternoon." How different from our ample library facilities to-day! There were no Carnegies in the times of Peter Kalm. His comments on the water supply of Philadelphia may interest the reader of our generation. He says: "The good and clear water in Philadelphia is likewise one of its advantages. For though there are no fountains in the town, yet there is a well in every house, and several in the streets, all of which afford excellent water for boiling, drinking, washing and other uses."

Kalm visited John Bartram at his residence southwest of Philadelphia, and from him obtained an exact knowledge of the state of the country, and of the forest trees that covered the hills. He speaks in the highest terms of Bartram's abilities and genius for natural history. It was through Bartram that he became familiar with the plant life of Pennsylvania. As a result, these volumes of travel, although written by a Swedish scholar, are stamped with the genius of our first American botanist.

The author gives an interesting description of the simple mode of life followed by the Swedes on the Delaware, in colonial times. They lived upon bread and butter and small quantities of meat. Their clothing was made

from the skins of animals, or rough worsted goods, while their beds were skins of animals, such as bears, wolves, etc. Speaking of their houses, he says: "The whole house consisted of one little room, the door of which was so low that one was obliged to stoop in order to get in. As they had brought no glass with them, they were obliged to be content with little holes, before which a movable board was fastened. The chimneys were made in a corner, either of gray sand or clay which they laid very thick in one corner of the house. The ovens for baking were likewise in the rooms."

I must now bring this conversation with Professor Kalm to a close. The volumes before me testify that the author carried home to Sweden a vast store of knowledge concerning America. He conducted his researches with more patience than the ubiquitous globe-trotter of this century, who explores the Philippines, Japan, China, and Siberia in a few weeks, and then goes on the lecture platform with a series of illustrated talks.

I will now summon up another eighteenth century worthy, who published a valuable account of his tour to America, in a work entitled: "Travels Through the Middle Settlements in North America, in the Years 1759 and 1760, with Observations upon the State of the Colonies, by the Rev. Andrew Burnaby,

A.M., Vicar of Greenwich. London, 1775." Mr. Burnaby, a noted divine and traveller, the eldest son of Rev. Andrew Burnaby, of Brampton Manor House, Huntingdonshire, was born in the year 1734. He was educated at Winchester School, and at Queen's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1754. In 1759 and 1760, he made a tour through the middle settlements of North America, and afterwards, in 1775, published an account of his travels, which reached a second edition within a year; while in 1798, the work was reissued in an enlarged form.

Mr. Burnaby relates that a few days before embarking for America, while seated in a coffee house, an elderly gentleman gave him the following advice: "Sir, you are young, and just entering into the world; I am old, and upon the point of leaving it: allow me, therefore, to give you one piece of advice, which is the result of experience; and which may possibly, some time or other, be of use to you. You are going to a country where everything will appear new and wonderful to you; but it will appear so only for a while; for the novelty of it will daily wear off; and in time it will grow quite familiar to you. Let me, therefore, recommend to you to note in your pocket-book every circumstance that may make an impression upon you; for be assured, sir, though it

may afterward appear familiar and uninteresting to yourself, that it will not appear so to your friends who have never visited that country, and that they will be entertained by it."

As the result of these suggestions, Burnaby wrote his "Travels Through the Middle Settlements in North America." It is interesting to gather from so reliable a source an account of the social and political conditions in America one hundred and fifty years ago. I shall follow the author through his book and allow him to describe his journey along the Atlantic seaboard from Virginia to Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire. Mr. Burnaby embarked for the *New World* on April 27, 1759, and on July 5 of the same year, his vessel came to anchor in the York River, Virginia. The author's stay in Virginia was prolonged almost a year, during which time he made several excursions into different parts of the country. The author devotes more than seventy pages of his book to the Old Dominion and Maryland. He describes the rivers, climate, and soil of Virginia, and also dwells at length upon the political and social institutions of the South. Referring to the evils associated with slavery, he says: "Their authority over their slaves renders them vain and imperious, and entire strangers to that elegance of sentiment which is so peculiarly characteristic of refined and

polished nations. Their ignorance of mankind and of learning exposes them to many errors and prejudices, especially in regard to Indians and negroes, whom they scarcely consider as of the human species; so that it is almost impossible in cases of violence, or even murder, committed upon those unhappy people by any of the planters, to have the delinquents brought to justice: for either the grand jury refuse to find the bill, or the petit jury bring in their verdict, not guilty. The display of a character thus constituted will naturally be in acts of extravagance, ostentation, and a disregard of economy; it is not extraordinary, therefore, that the Virginians out-run their incomes; and that having involved themselves in difficulties, they are frequently tempted to raise money by bills of exchange, which they know will be returned protested, with ten per cent. interest."

Leaving Virginia, Burnaby travelled north through Maryland to New Castle on the Delaware, and then proceeded to Philadelphia, at that time a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. He saw here a prosperous settlement—fine public buildings, two libraries, hospitals, and churches. He found the whole colony of Pennsylvania to be in a most prosperous condition. The people were frugal and industrious, and filled with the republican spirit. The women were exceedingly handsome and polite, and

would have made good figures even in the first assemblies of Europe.

Burnaby continued his journey through New Jersey to New York City, where he visited King's College, which he believed to be the most beautifully situated of any college in the world. He sailed through the Hell Gate, which reminded him of the description of Scylla and Charybdis. The vessel carried him to Newport, where he began a study of the New England life and character. He says: "The character of the Rhode Islanders is by no means engaging or amiable, a circumstance principally owing to their form of government. Their men in power, from the highest to the lowest, are dependent upon the people, and frequently act without that strict regard to probity and honour which ever ought invariably to influence and direct mankind. The private people are cunning, deceitful, and selfish: they live almost entirely by unfair and illicit trading. Their magistrates are partial and corrupt: and it is folly to expect justice in their courts of judicature; for he who has the greatest influence is generally found to have the fairest cause." Burnaby's impressions of Rhode Island were those of the globe-trotter, who recognizes only the evils that appear on the surface of society. The paper-money craze was sweeping over the colony during his visit, and the abuses of this

system led him to conclude that a general moral and political decline had begun. Passing on to Boston, he found conditions more to his liking. He says: "Arts and sciences seem to have made a greater progress here than in any other part of America. Harvard College has been founded above a hundred years; and although it is not upon a perfect plan, yet it has produced a very good effect. The arts are undeniably forwarder in Massachusetts Bay than either in Pennsylvania or New York. The public buildings are more elegant; and there is a more general turn for music, painting, and the belles lettres." After a brief visit to New Hampshire, the author closes the narrative of his travels with some general observations concerning America. He doubts the possibility of a permanent union among the colonies on account of the jealousies due to their heterogeneous character. Again, he says that independence can never be maintained until the united colonies become mistress of the seas. His view as to the impossibility of union was held by many at the time; but the Federal Government became an established fact, notwithstanding the gloomy predictions of statesmen and sages. Our maritime position was acquired by the War of 1812; and so the union formed of discordant elements, now bounded by a coast line thousands of miles in extent, is rendered secure

by a naval power that commands the respect of the leading nations of the world. And yet, Andrew Burnaby predicted that half a dozen frigates would, with ease, ravage and lay waste the whole country from end to end, without a possibility of our being able to prevent it!

I will now close this gossip in a library, hoping that through my conversation with these eighteenth century worthies, the student of history may be attracted to their merits. In these old volumes relating to America there is abundant material which adds a lively interest to the dry annals of colonial times. Contemporary narratives written by foreigners are always valuable, although at times erroneous. Criticism by writers from abroad has been of vast benefit to us; and from the days of the earliest travellers in America to the times of De Tocqueville and Bryce, a copious literature of this kind has been published, most of which is friendly in tone and hopeful for the future of our institutions.

THE DELUGE OF BOOKS

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WITH the development of universal education, there has been so great an increase in the number of books in the world that librarians now face the problem of overcrowded shelves, and the ardent reader is simply overwhelmed with the task before him. Still, books continue to multiply in number, at least twenty thousand being published annually in the English language alone. The bibliophiles who lived in the days of Gutenberg and even a hundred years later, counted their bookish treasures in a few portly folio tomes, and in 1650, at the book fair in a German city, only nine hundred and fifty volumes were displayed. Now the number of books printed in the United States exceeds two hundred thousand, and there is no indication that the deluge is likely to subside. It is a fact that publishers have rendered a valuable service in checking a still greater flood; for only one per cent. of the manuscripts submitted ever get into print. The rapid production of works of fiction is chiefly responsible for the literary deluge; in fact, this class of works is most widely read, with history and biography as a close second. Thus we see that the most popular books are those which deal with human

life and character, and this, no doubt, will continue to be the case. No harm will ever come to the great books of the world by the appearance of these works of transient interest. Although the immortal authors are few in number and all their books can be placed on a "five-foot shelf," they will always have an abiding place in the world of letters. Their merit survives the lapse of time, and what they wrote does not go out of fashion. Truly, did Emerson say: "Consider what you have in the smallest, well-chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civilized countries in a thousand years have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced in by etiquette, but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friends, is here written in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age."

Probably it was this deluge of books that drove the poet to despair and led him to exclaim:

Books, 'tis a dull and endless strife,
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music. On my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

One impulse from the vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

A certain English author, while a student at Cambridge, always entered the library of his college with a sense of desolation and sadness. He could see no good in the old editions of the classics and the folios of the Fathers, and he bemoaned the fact that these college libraries were not kept up to date. He confessed that they were wholly unvisited, and expressed the opinion that they have no use left, save as repositories or store-rooms. But this severe, yet honest, critic is evidently wrong in advocating the reading of books which deal only with contemporary subjects. The roots of all knowledge lie buried deep in the past, and many priceless gems of wisdom are hidden in the dust-covered volumes of former centuries. College and university libraries will continue to welcome the literary treasures of former ages, notwithstanding the criticisms of the friends of modern utilitarian studies. The chief function of the university is to foster the higher liberal knowledge, and the library, with its accumulated lore, is the fountain of research and scholarship. Longfellow's words in "Hyperion" are still true, when he says of a university: "What a strange picture a university presents to the imagination! The lives of scholars in their cloistered stillness; literary men of retired habits, and professors who study sixteen hours a day, and never see the world but on a Sunday.

Nature has, no doubt, for some wise purpose, placed in their hearts this love of literary labor and seclusion. Otherwise, who would feed the undying lamp of thought? But for such men as these, a blast of wind through the chinks and crannies of this old world, or the flapping of a conqueror's banner, would blow it out forever. The light of the soul is so easily extinguished. And whenever I reflect upon these things I become aware of the great importance, in a nation's history, of the individual fame of scholars and literary men." In the university, then, where knowledge is sought for its own ends, the chief motive for reading is intellectual, and the library must supply the sources for this purpose. To the interested student, the apparently dry-as-dust contents of the shelves are rich with living material, revealing the social, economic, literary, and artistic conditions of past ages. In the laboratories and libraries of the universities, those discoveries are made which now "kindle the brightest lights on the Muses' sacred hill." The great colleges and universities of the world had their origin around clusters of books. In our own country, it was thus that Harvard and Yale were founded, and this tradition is being preserved at Harvard, in the magnificent library erected to the memory of Harry E. Widener, that modest, yet devoted, lover and

collector of good books. University students, by pursuing highly specialized courses of study, escape, to a certain degree, the threatened deluge of books. Having definite objects in view, and guided by the counsel of professors, these young men read along particular lines, and in their investigations endeavor to explore the sources as far as possible. This kind of training leads to discrimination in the art of reading and enables the student to extend his intimate acquaintance with books in other fields beyond his own department. With the aid of a disciplined judgment, the best works of human culture become his regular companions, and, as David Pryde says, "Thus does this scholar's soul grow and extend itself until it lives in every region of the earth and in every by-gone age, and holds the most intimate intercourse with the spirits of the mighty dead." The deluge of books need not disturb the serene, yet busy life of the college-bred man. His intellectual heritage is a goodly one, having received that rich mental gift which enables him to select and read the best works of the ages. How does the scholar use this rare bequest? If he does not make contributions of knowledge to his own department, he should at least continue his reading with diligence, so that his own enthusiasm may act as a contagion upon others. By the terms of the stewardship imposed upon

him he must "feed the undying lamp of thought," and show through life a sincere interest in those books which contain the best treasures of thought.

The less fortunate of our fellow-men, who have not had the advantages of a college training, deserve sympathy and advice in the art of reading so as not to become discouraged by the deluge of books. Abraham Lincoln, in a region where books were few and almost inaccessible, mastered the Bible, Euclid, and Shakespeare, although it was claimed of him that he had read no great work of the eighteenth or nineteenth century. He became so familiar with Euclid that he could give any proposition in the six books of this author at sight. He was fond of Shakespeare, and the mere mention of any play would waken up in him a train of deep and original thought. He astonished visitors by reciting lengthy passages from the plays, and Mr. Sinclair has declared that he never heard these choice passages rendered with more effect by the most famous modern actors. By constantly meditating on the Bible and Shakespeare, he acquired that rich fund of expression which gives his writings a charm and a permanent place in our literature. In preparing his most famous state papers, he exercised the same patient care as he did in struggling with Euclid in his early days. He

devoted weeks to his First Inaugural, locked in a second story room in Springfield across the street from the State Capitol, and amid those dingy surroundings, with the Constitution, Clay's Speech of 1850, Jackson's Proclamation against Nullification, and Webster's Reply to Hayne for reference, he prepared what is now considered to be an immortal state paper. Lincoln was not confused in his reading by the deluge of books; on the other hand, he had to walk miles to find a single volume. But he fortunately became acquainted with the masterpieces of the ages, and as they were constantly in his mind, he developed a style of prose that attracted the attention even of foreign critics. It may be added in this connection that a copy of the letter which Lincoln wrote to the mother who had sacrificed five sons to the Union cause adorns the halls of Oxford University as an example of perfect English. What Lincoln accomplished in the way of reading in an obscure frontier community can now be done in our day without sacrifice, notwithstanding the deluge of books which sometimes makes an intelligent selection of the best works well-nigh impossible. I recall with satisfaction a book, David Pryde's "Highways of Literature," which fell into my hands in boyhood. The suggestions of this author proved so valuable

to me that I feel like repeating them for the benefit of others. Dr. Pryde answers the question, What books are we to read? as follows: 1. Read first the one or two great standard works in each department of literature; 2. Confine then our reading to that department which suits the particular bent of our mind. The second question that arises is, How are we to read these books? which the author answers by giving the following definite rules:

1. Before you begin to peruse a book, know something about the author.

2. Read the preface carefully.

3. Take a comprehensive survey of the table of contents.

4. Give your whole attention to what you read.

5. Be sure to note the most valuable passages as you read.

6. Write out in your own language a summary of the facts you have noted.

7. Apply the results of your reading to your every-day duties.

Reading, if conducted in the spirit of the above-named rules, will give culture and discipline to the mind, and at the same time afford much pleasure to the individual. But even the most earnest student needs, at times, a certain degree of relaxation from so rigid a method of reading. He should also read for pleasure and

recreation; for, as Dr. Pryde says, "It refreshes us after hard work, and helps to restore the tone of the mind. It may even do more. Mr. Boffin grew rich by sifting dust-heaps; and you may (if you follow a method) become wise by skimming over gossipy literature." Some find this recreation in the newspapers, magazines, and works of humor; while others enjoy mental relief in serious books in fields beyond their own department. Provost Edgar F. Smith, a noted chemist, maintains an enthusiastic interest in biography, and another instance comes to my mind of an eminent authority on public hygiene who has won recognition in genealogical researches. The conclusion of the matter is that the man is more useful in his own department who does considerable reading in other lines, whether for amusement, recreation, or more serious purposes.

THE LIFE EXPERIENCES OF
A PAINTER-POET, THOMAS
BUCHANAN READ

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PENNSYLVANIA'S two leading poets, Bayard Taylor and Thomas Buchanan Read, were both natives of Chester County, and although more than a generation has passed away since their death, no serious effort has been made to honor either of these distinguished men until quite recently. About two years ago the Chester County Historical Society erected granite monuments at Cedarcroft, the home of Bayard Taylor, and at Read's birthplace in Brandywine Township. Some years ago, Dr. Conwell prepared a biography of Bayard Taylor, and my lamented friend and colleague, the late Albert H. Smyth, wrote his life in the American Men of Letters Series. Professor Smyth, too, has passed to the other shore, and scholars realize that with his going there is a void in the realm of letters difficult to fill. So have departed the men who maintained the best literary traditions in Pennsylvania, Thomas Buchanan Read, George H. Boker, Bayard Taylor, Henry Reed, Albert H. Smyth, and Horace Howard Furness. How appropriate are

the lines of Read's poem, "The Celestial Army,"
to the passing of these gentle spirits:

I stood by the open casement,
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

The stars and the mailèd moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward, forever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of time.

So these men live in their works, and as they
keep on their upward way, their memory will
never fail; for literary friendships are like the
fixed stars of night, constant and unchanging,
and, as Read says:

And long let us remember,
That the palest, fainting one
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blazing sun.

Thomas Buchanan Read was born March 12,
1822, and his early boyhood was spent among
the wooded slopes that bound the Chester Valley
on the north. To the east in the distance

rise the blue hills of Uwchlan, while a mile or two away flows the east branch of the Brandywine, which he describes in song, as follows:

Not Juniata's rocky tide,
That bursts its mountain barriers wide,
Nor Susquehanna broad and fair,
Nor thou, sea-drinking Delaware,
May with that lovely stream compare,
That draws its winding silver line
Through Chester's storied vales and hills,
The bright, the laughing Brandywine,
That dallies with its hundred mills.

Thus, young Read learned his lessons from the blue hills in the distance, from the rippling Brandywine, from the well-tilled fields of wheat and corn, and from the seasons with their variety of gifts. For several winters, he attended the school at Hopewell, a mile distant, taught by Rev. Daniel Myers, a miller and local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church. While attending Parson Myers' school, as a mere boy, Read's genius for art and poetry began to develop. In referring to his early love of art, he once said: "Often as a boy of ten or twelve, I wandered away to the hills, and amid haunts where men seldom strayed, there would I pass the day in making sketches, perchance of some peculiar tree, crag, waterfall and hill, and then amuse myself by fantastically weaving them into one." About 1832, the old home was broken up, and several of the

family migrated to the West. The regret that young Read experienced as he saw his birth-place pass into other hands was expressed years afterwards in the lines of "The Stranger on the Sill":

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born.
The peach tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

With the passing of the old home, Read was apprenticed to James Harner, a tailor, at Whitford, Chester County. He soon left this cruel master, and began a series of adventures as strange as David Copperfield's. He walked to Philadelphia, and at last found employment in a grocery store, and later was apprenticed to a cigar maker. In the spring of 1837, he determined to go to Cincinnati, where his relatives had made their home. He crossed the mountains of Pennsylvania on foot, and reaching Pittsburg, made his way down the Ohio on a flatboat to Cincinnati. His struggles and wanderings were by no means ended; but in Cincinnati, his highest ambitions were encouraged, and here his genius as a painter and poet was first recognized. Even at that early time, Cincinnati had produced a number of authors and artists of merit. The first artist of note whose name appears in the annals of Cincinnati

was A. W. Corwine, a miniature painter, whose career began about 1821. Before 1830, Joseph Mason, Joseph Hyle, Samuel W. Lee, Charles Harding, and Mr. Tuttle had opened studios, and were engaged in portrait painting. Among Read's early contemporaries in Cincinnati were Miner H. Kellogg, James H. Beard, John Frankenstein, William H. Powell, T. W. Whittredge, Charles Soule, and William L. Sonntag. In sculpture, Cincinnati likewise achieved a fair name. The same year that Read made his humble beginning in this city, Hiram Powers arrived in Florence to study the masters of the Old World. Like Read, he had drifted to Cincinnati as a poor boy, toiling and hoping so earnestly as to excite sympathy. He finally mastered his art through the greatest sacrifice, and remembering his own struggles, he always took a fatherly interest in Read. Another sculptor of that period who became attached to Read was Edward A. Brackett. Born in 1819, in the State of Maine, he went as a boy with his parents to Cincinnati, and working in an obscure garret, finally modelled the first statue in the Mississippi Valley, that of "Nydia, the Blind Girl of Thessaly."

But it was Clevenger, the lamented Shobal Vail Clevenger, who first encouraged Read's artistic abilities, and gave him an opportunity to display his genius. Read's first employment

in Cincinnati was that of a painter of canal boats on the Miami Canal, and while engaged in this humble work, he was discovered by Clevenger, who offered the young man a place in his studio. Clevenger, like Read, had many strange adventures in early life, working first in a marble yard, and later opening a studio in Cincinnati, where Read was employed to carve letters and figures on monuments. Clevenger's daughter wrote me that her father took a deep interest in young Read; but his hopes of becoming a sculptor were shattered when Clevenger removed to Boston in 1838, to finish a bust of Webster. In 1840, Clevenger went to Florence, where he carved the famous statue, "The Indian Warrior." Threatened with consumption, he sailed for home in 1842, but he died on the voyage and was buried at sea.

Although Read was not able to follow his original plan of becoming a sculptor, his interest in art continued, and he opened a shop over a grocery store in Cincinnati, where he practised sign painting. Struggling along without instruction, his progress was slow and discouraging. In 1840, he decided to leave Cincinnati, and he opened a studio in Dayton, where he failed to secure any business. So he depended on his wits for a livelihood, as he had often done before. His talents were recognized by a theatrical company, and he was engaged for

a brief period, taking the female parts, for which his slight figure so well fitted him. But he had longings for art and for Cincinnati; so he returned after this novel experience on the stage, to open a studio in his adopted city. He made a number of successful studies of the human face, and decided to give his sole attention to portrait painting. Nicholas Longworth, the first millionaire of Cincinnati, gave Read the funds to maintain a studio while waiting for sitters, and he was one of the first to have his portrait painted. In 1840, Read painted the full-length portrait of General Harrison for friends of the old hero. It was in the midst of the presidential campaign, and this fact helped to bring the young artist's name before the public. The picture was pronounced an excellent piece of work for one so young; but years afterward, Read freely admitted that it was "a sad daub." At the same time, many of his fugitive verses began to appear in the Cincinnati papers, the *Times* and the *Chronicle*; but he followed painting as the major passion. He wished to improve in technique, but there were no good schools for artists in the West. He thought of Powers and Clevenger, how they achieved fame in the Old World, and his soul longed for Italy. Circumstances prevented the realization of this dream at once; so he determined upon the next best thing, to go to Boston,

where there were many opportunities to study his profession.

Read said farewell to the West early in 1841, at that time a youth of only nineteen years, and what a succession of experiences had been crowded into his life! Like Thomas Cole, who wandered from town to town with his pictures, Read worked his way East by painting portraits in the villages and hotels along the road. After spending a few months in New York City, he reached Boston in the fall of 1841. Here he at once became acquainted with Washington Allston and Henry W. Longfellow, a most fortunate circumstance in his career. Allston, whose life-work was drawing to a close, willingly gave Read counsel and instruction. His distinguished work as a painter and lecturer on art deeply impressed the young man. But these happy relations were unfortunately ended with the death of Allston in 1843, the paint still fresh on his great picture, "Belshazzar's Feast." After becoming established in Boston, Read visited Andover, bearing letters of introduction to the leading men of that town. Here he painted President Leonard Woods and Professor Moses Stuart, of the Theological Seminary. His studio in Boston was located in the basement of the Park Street Church. His charming manners and keen wit and humor attracted the wealthy classes, and it became

the fashion to sit for a picture in Read's studio. Although his devotion to painting was sincere, Read soon began to give half his heart to poetry. He composed a few stanzas each evening, which were recited next day to his friends as he worked at the easel. Among Read's frequent callers was the good and genial Longfellow. At times, Read became discouraged with his poetical efforts; but Longfellow showed his appreciation, urging him to keep on, declaring, "You will yet be a poet." His regard for Longfellow was almost akin to veneration, and is beautifully expressed in the poem, "A Leaf from the Past," published in *Graham's Magazine*, October, 1846:

With thee, dear friend, though far away,
I walk as on some vanished day,
And all the past returns in beautiful array.

I listen to thy charming word,
And sadness, like the affrighted bird,
Flies fast, and flies afar, until it is unheard.

After 1842, Read began to contribute poems to the magazines. His lines are found in *The Rover*, a New York weekly, edited by Seba Smith, who wrote satirical letters under the pen name of Major Jack Downing. A number of Read's poems also appeared in *The Symbol*, a Boston magazine published in the interests of Odd Fellowship, one of exquisite beauty being "The Fount of the Nile," not found in

his collected works. In 1843 and 1844, many of his poems were published in McMakin's Boston *Courier*, and were widely copied by the press all over the country. Literary men everywhere were attracted by "The Winnower," and "The Swiss Street Singer," which compare favorably with his later efforts.

Although for two years Read had contributed fugitive verses to the Boston magazines, his first formal appearance as an author was in a prose work, entitled, "Paul Redding: a Tale of the Brandywine," published in Boston in 1845, and dedicated to his old benefactor, Nicholas Longworth. This book is not found in printed lists of Read's works, and its existence is not generally known. The hero of this story, Paul Redding, is undoubtedly Read himself, and its purpose is to portray his own early life and struggles.

In 1843, Read married Mary J. Pratt, of Gambier, Ohio. She had just graduated from the Seminary at Bradford, Massachusetts, and was regarded as a fine classical scholar. Read's devotion to her is expressed in his poems, "The Light of our Home," "Beside the Murmuring Merrimac," and "The Toll Bridge." He now lived more intensely than ever in his dreams and poetical visions, and he hoped some day to take his wife away from the crowded city, and build her a home in the beautiful Chester

Valley. But the hand of Fate is apparently cruel at times, for within ten years she died a victim of the plague in the city of Florence, Italy.

In 1846, Read made his home in Philadelphia, where he opened a studio for the painting of portraits; but the magazines of the day indicate that he must have given at least half his heart to poetry. Between 1846 and 1850, he contributed many poems to the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, under the name of "Hazel Dell." People read these poetical gems with much interest, and for months they were unable to identify the "Hazel Dell" poet. During the same period of time, George R. Graham and John Sartain gave Read generous assistance by publishing his poems in their magazines. It is interesting to-day to look through these Philadelphia journals, and see there the contributions of the young poets of that generation, Whittier, Longfellow, Boker, Read, and Bayard Taylor. In 1847, W. D. Ticknor, of Boston, published a volume of Read's poems, including most of the verses that had appeared in the Boston *Courier*. The next year, he published in Philadelphia another collection under the name, "Lays and Ballads," containing the "Hazel Dell" poems from the Philadelphia *Courier*. I have an interesting letter from Read to J. Bayard Taylor, Phoenix-

ville, written March 15, 1847, which describes the young painter-poet's feelings at this time. Read complains to Taylor of overwork, declaring that constant toil was destroying his health and undermining his imagination. He says: "I am sometimes more than half inclined to give up writing altogether, and confine my ambition and impulse to the easel. Such a course would put more money in my purse." But he said he hated this mercenary thought, and believed it his duty to follow the ideal. Although Read complained to Taylor of the miserable prices paid for his poems by the magazine editors, he must have prospered with his art in Philadelphia. He was patronized by several wealthy picture buyers, among them James L. Claghorn; so that, in 1850, he was able to sail for Europe to study in the schools of art in the Old World.

Fortunately, I have a vast amount of material for this period of Read's life, including his foreign correspondence to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, letters to Bayard Taylor, letters of William Michael Rossetti, and reminiscences of a number of his friends. Read reached London early in October, 1850, where he visited the National Gallery, and met Leigh Hunt, Tennyson, William and Mary Howitt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and others of the Pre-Raphaelite painters, a brotherhood of artists that had just

been formed. Mary Howitt, in her "Reminiscences of My Later Life," describes the reception given to Read by the Pre-Raphaelites just before he departed from London, and it seems that they could not part with him. In fact, it was reported that they had carried Read off in a chariot of fire. William Michael Rossetti, in writing to me, confirms all this, and eloquently describes the impression made by Read in England. In January, 1851, Read proceeded to Aix-la-Chapelle, and then to Düsseldorf, at that time the most important art centre in Germany. I cannot understand why American travellers to the Continent fail to visit Düsseldorf; for it is one of the most beautiful of the European cities. I shall never forget its broad and shady avenues, lined with imposing buildings, statues, and monuments, and best of all, its art gallery, with Janssen's famous mural painting representing Shakespeare's "Seven Ages." At Düsseldorf, Read met Leutze, the painter, and Freiligrath, the German poet. He found Leutze at work on his great picture, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and going to Cologne, he saw Whittredge and several other American painters, Whittredge being engaged upon the famous Rhine landscape, "The Seven Mountains," a scene so often painted by the French and German artists. Read spent several months at Düsseldorf and

Cologne, and then journeyed up the Rhine, in the midst of scenes beloved by the poets, and hallowed by all the light that history and romance can give. I learn from one of Read's letters to Bayard Taylor that he reached Frankfort in September, 1851, and after that his itinerary would include Switzerland and Northern Italy.

From this time, Read vibrated between two continents, back and forth, like a bird of passage, absorbed in his devotion to the twin arts to which his life was consecrated. Early in 1852, he returned to Philadelphia, and opened a studio at 215 Chestnut Street, but residing with his family in the old Bonaparte home at Bordentown. During this year, "The Closing Scene" appeared, in reviewing which, Coventry Patmore declared Read the most promising of the trans-Atlantic poets, and that the poem surpassed Gray's *Elegy* in simple language and imagery. The same year, an English edition of Read's poems, beautifully illustrated by Kenny Meadows, was published by Delf and Trübner, London.

Late in 1853, Read sailed with his family for Europe to make his home in Florence, Italy. Florence at that time was at the height of its glory. The city itself had changed but little since feudal days, presenting romantic contrasts at every turn. The people were spirited, and

the sentiment for Italian unity was strong. When Read arrived in Florence, it was the abode of many literary men and artists. There were Hiram Powers, Owen Meredith, Charles Lever, Robert and Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Trollope, and George Sand, besides a host of others. During his residence in Florence, Read painted many of his most ideal pictures, among them being "Titania," "The Lost Pleiades," "The Spirit of the Waterfall," "Undine," and "Cleopatra and Her Barge," which were immediately purchased by several devoted friends. He also finished the lengthy poem, "The New Pastoral," which was published in 1835, by Parry and McMillan, Philadelphia. Read's hopes of a permanent residence in Florence were destroyed, when, in May, 1855, the cholera appeared in that city, among the victims being his own wife and daughter. Read himself became ill, and to save his life, he was hurried off to the Baths of Lucca by his friends, Hiram Powers and John R. Tait. At this place, near the gulf where Shelley lost his life, Read found solace for his grief by composing a lengthy poem, "The House by the Sea," a wild, sad tale, containing the moral lesson that the temptations of life are not so much to be found amidst the everyday realities of the world, as in solitude and retirement; and the best way to avoid them is to mingle with our kind, to be a part of the

busy world about us, and to partake of its occupations and enjoyments, and share in its feelings and sympathies.

In November, 1855, Read sailed with John R. Tait for America, the ambition of making a permanent home in Florence being now but a cherished memory of the past. He hastened to Philadelphia, and on December 18, "The House by the Sea" was published. The poem was well received by the critics and the public, the first edition being exhausted in a few weeks. It is to be regretted, however, that poems like this do not recommend themselves to the masses of our day, when everybody is busy chasing the golden phantom, and literary tastes crave the comic supplement, the jingling rhyme, and the moving picture show.

In January, 1856, Read opened a studio in Philadelphia, and he writes to Mr. Tait that he is very busy with sitters. During the summer, he married Harriet Denison Butler, of Northampton, Massachusetts, and immediately sailed for Europe, reaching Liverpool on September 13. In London, he painted a full-length of Mr. Peabody, and heads of Tennyson and Leigh Hunt. He also sent back to America the proofs of a new volume of poems, "Sylvia, the Last Shepherd," a beautiful story of country life, published in Philadelphia in 1857. Read did not arrive in Rome until the winter of 1856,

and he declared it to be the only city in the world for an artist or poet. He returned to England in 1857, to finish some portraits; while in 1858, he was back in America, opening a studio in the Parkinson Building, at present the site of the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia. The late John Bunting related to me that he once visited the studio. Three of Read's best pictures were on the walls, "The Ascension of the Innocents," "The Spirit of the Waterfall," and "Hiawatha's Wooing." Seated by Read was his friend and fellow-poet, George H. Boker, and in silence they contemplated these fanciful paintings. In December, 1858, Read opened a studio in New York City. In June, 1859, he made a five weeks' trip to Boston, and spent most of the time in the family of Longfellow, where he painted a portrait of him and also one of his three daughters. Then he visited Dr. Holmes and painted his portrait. Read regarded this as a great triumph, and he wrote to Mr. Tait: "In the language of Napoleon, 'great battle, great victory.'" One of Read's most beautiful and best known poems, "Drifting," was written in Brooklyn, in March, 1859, before he had ever seen the Bay of Naples. It was a stormy Sunday and he was ill at the time. Filled with depression, he longed for the radiant beauty of the Italian shores, and he composed the lines of "Drifting." Read

visited Naples for the first time in 1868, and great was his delight at seeing the beautiful bay. To make the picture complete, he later wrote the additional stanza:

In lofty lines,
Mid palms and pines,
And aloes, olives, elms, and vines,
Sorrento swings
On sunset wings,
Where Tasso's spirit soars and sings.

If we read this beautiful poem and then visit the Bay of Naples, we realize what Hawthorne meant when he said Read's poems were pictures, and his pictures were poems. The traveller who has read "Drifting" sees Sorrento, Ischia, and Capri invested with a new glory; but how soon the lines of the last stanza would be true of Read himself, as his soul drifted to the heavenly shore, when he says:

No more, no more,
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar.
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies,
Under the walls of Paradise.

In 1860, Read made another voyage to Europe, and reached London in September of that year. He painted a portrait of George M. Dallas, and in January, 1861, proceeded to Rome, where he painted "Hiawatha Carrying Home His Bride," and "Diana in the Moon."

Although delightfully situated on the Pincian Hill, and prospering in his art, Read was much aroused by the threats of civil war in America. He wrote to John R. Tait: "But if the Union breaks, who cares then what breaks; if that is a failure, success is not worth having. I shall be content to sit in dust and ashes the rest of my days." Before the close of 1861, he answered his country's call and returned to America. It should be recalled that Read rendered valuable service to the Union during the Civil War, writing patriotic poems, giving public readings for the benefit of the soldiers, and reciting his war songs at the head of the armies. When Cincinnati was threatened by the Confederates, he volunteered for the defence of that city in General Lew Wallace's army, and afterwards wrote an account of the siege in the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1863, he published a longer poem, "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," which is filled with gems of patriotism, many of which he publicly recited during the war. Read's poem, "Sheridan's Ride," was composed in a few hours in Cincinnati, on November 1, 1864, the theme being suggested by a picture in *Harper's Weekly* of "Sheridan's Ride to the Front." The same evening, the poem was read by James E. Murdoch in Pike's Opera House, and in a few days it was published in the newspapers throughout the land. The effect of this

war lyric is a part of the history of the Rebellion, and to this day it remains the most popular poem of that class produced in America. The influence of Read's war lyrics on the Union cause entitles him to a memorial in Statuary Hall under the dome of the National Capitol at Washington. With James E. Murdoch, he appeared in the leading cities and recited from "The New Pastoral," "The Relics," "The Three Eras," "The Oath," "The Rising of 1776," and "Sheridan's Ride." Who can measure the influence of this service? Nations, like individuals, respond to poetic sentiment, and as slumbering Sparta was aroused by the verses of Tyrtæus, so the regiments of the Civil War caught the spirit of "Sheridan's Ride," and a new enthusiasm was carried along on the billows of war from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, until the tide of battle ebbed forever at Appomattox.

In 1867, Read returned to Europe, and spent the next five years in the city of Rome. Overwork during the Civil War had broken his health; yet he was at his easel with the earliest sunlight, and he burned the midnight oil in writing poetry. In Rome, he completed the painting, "Sheridan's Ride," having made studies for this picture before going abroad. In the summer of 1868, Read became ill from overwork, and was compelled to leave Rome for a

cooler climate, passing three months in Switzerland and at Düsseldorf. In the winter, he returned to Rome and painted a large portrait of the ex-Queen of Naples. During the next year, he painted the beautiful pictures, "The Star of Bethlehem," "The Christmas Hymn," "The Three Martyrs at the Sepulchre," and "Abou Ben Adhem." There are persons still living who tarried at Rome in those days, and enjoyed the hospitality of Read's home. At the request of friends, he would recite his favorite poems, "Drifting" and "Brushwood," bringing tears to many as the verses were read in his effective style. Read had the good fortune of residing in Rome when Italian nationality was completed, and the armies of Victor Emmanuel entered the Eternal City. The struggle of a thousand years was ended, and two great states, Germany and Italy, took their place among the nations of the earth. Read caught the inspiration of the hour, and wrote a poem of welcome to Victor Emmanuel, one stanza reading:

Italia through her hundred roads
Is marching into Rome;
She comes not as a conqueror,
But exile welcomed home.

From that time, Prince Humbert and Princess Marguerite were his constant friends, and visits between Read's studio and the Quirinal

Palace were frequently exchanged. Declining health prompted Read to sail for America in April, 1872. He lived to reach New York, where he died on May 11, entering into that higher life foreshadowed in his own lines:

We nightly die ourselves to sleep,
Then wherefore fear we death?
'Tis but a slumber still more deep
And undisturbed by breath.
We daily waken to the light,
When morning walks her way,
Then wherefore doubt death's longer night
Will bring a brighter day.

In closing these experiences of a painter-poet, I will quote the estimate of so severe a critic as Richard H. Stoddard. He says of Read's poetry: "I would rather have written the song of his beginning,

Bring me the juice of the honey fruit,
than anything I remember in American poetry. It is as perfect as the best things of Lovelace, Suckling, or Carew, and any poet, great or small, might be proud to write it."

THOUGHTS ON MEMORIAL
DAY

MEMORIAL DAY

ALMOST fifty years have passed away since General Ulysses S. Grant met General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox Court House and received from him the surrender of the Army of the Confederacy. Four years of war and desolation had brought a long train of sorrows into nearly every American home, and we look back with feelings of overwhelming emotion at the costly sacrifices made by our relatives and friends on the consecrated altars of freedom and nationality. In the hour of final triumph, the victorious general, with his constant longings for peace, treated his vanquished foe with a spirit of charity unknown to former ages of the world. Chivalry did not perish with the close of the Middle Ages, but it reached its sublimest heights at Appomattox, when the Union Army, backed with all national power, witnessed in silence the defeated adversary file by in broken ranks and return to their Southern homes, a shattered remnant of the once powerful force that resisted the supremacy of the Constitution, and for years imperilled the very existence of the Republic. Truly, the spirit of Saladin was revived in our modern times, and we need not revert to mediæval romance for inspiring examples of knight hood in battle and moral grandeur in the hour of triumph. One day the

rebel forces were our enemy; the next day they had melted away like the morning dews before the rising sun, and in a few weeks the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the West had stacked their arms and furled the battle flags, while the stars and stripes floated once more over a reunited country. In eulogizing these soldiers, Charles Francis Adams says: "Both generals were typical; the one of Illinois and the new West, the other of Virginia and the Old Dominion. Grant was magnanimous and restrained in victory; Lee, dignified in defeat, compelled respect. Verily, it is true, even of soldiers, that he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Their deeds now belong to history and fame, and with the advent of each Memorial Day, we review the soldier's story, and join in the hallowed service of devotion by placing the fairest garlands of spring on the graves of the honored dead.

We hear the bugles adown the street,
And hoof of horse and rattle of drum,
And rhythmic fall of marching feet,
And know the men and maidens come
To stripe with flag and star with flowers
The soldier graves,
O, faithful graves
Of those who gave the flag its flowers.

As wide as the extent of our common country is this beautiful service observed. In the

crowded city and amidst the quiet rural scenes, willing hands bear these tributes of nature to the soldier's resting place. From the mighty East to the farthest West, the martial host repose, and

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day,
Under the one the Blue,
Under the other the Gray.

And with a pathos beyond the power of human expression, we view the nameless graves in the cemeteries at Gettysburg, Arlington, and Antietam, the first immortalized by Lincoln in his oration in 1863. At Gettysburg, the nameless dead repose on the hillside where once the tide of battle flowed; but now no thunders of conflict disturb the soldier's rest. The swords have been beaten into ploughshares and the spears into pruning hooks, while the glorious sun of peace lights hill and valley and the far-off Blue Mountains with its radiant glow. As the American pilgrim resorts to this sacred spot, memories of the struggle for liberty and nationality in all the ages crowd the mind, and he realizes that at Gettysburg the world's best hope was saved when Pickett's men were rolled back in defeat and the flag of the Union was seen once more waving in triumph through the

rifts in the lowering clouds of war. Cherished forever will be our memory of the nameless dead at Gettysburg, nameless it is true in human records, but, as the poet says:

While the prayer is floating upward,
Sits apart an angel form,
With a scroll like whitest fleece cloud
That follows up the storm,
And she writes with diamond pencil
Each buried soldier's name,
And the angel form is Justice,
And the angel pen is Fame.

Truly, did Pericles say: "The whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone, but in the hearts of men." Thus, every nation has beautifully enshrined the memory of the soldier dead, and down the ages, from ancient Greece to the hills of Gettysburg, the voice of praise is heard. Every field of strife has also been fittingly marked by simple mounds or the finest creations of the sculptor's art, whether we recall the Lion's Mound where

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea,

or the earth barrows of Thermopylæ, immortalized by Simonides, in the lines:

No tears for them, but memory's loving gaze,
For them no pity, but proud hymns of praise.
Time shall not sweep this monument away,
Time the destroyer, or dank decay.
This not alone heroic ashes holds,
Greece's own glory this earth shrine enfolds.
Leonidas, the Spartan king; a name
Of boundless honor and eternal fame.

Or, in later ages, triumphal arches and imposing columns were erected in memory of the deeds of kings and conquerors; but no Colossus of the builder's art, towering in its majestic proportions, brings from the Old World a meaning like the simple tumuli of Marathon and Thermopylæ, where the struggle gave freedom not only to Greece, but the hope of political and intellectual liberty to all the nations of the West. Our own country, rich with historical memories of the struggle for constitutional liberty, has with an unparalleled devotion sought to glorify the valor of the soldier dead. Fitting monuments rise at Concord,

Where once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world;

at Valley Forge, where the patriotic devotion of George Washington kept alive the smouldering campfires of the Revolution; and on the many battle-fields of the Civil War, imposing columns of granite and marble tell the thrilling story of sacrifice and love of country.

To-day, the aged survivors of the Rebellion assemble once more, not in battle array with

the implements of war, but with meagre ranks, bearing garlands of flowers through the quiet aisles of the cemetery to the graves of their comrades in arms. How few remain of that mighty host, who, answering their country's call, left our Northern cities and marched in the flush of youth down to the fields of strife, many to a glorious death, that this nation, freedom's brightest hope, should not perish from the earth! The great majority have gone to swell the numbers on the farther shore, where the din of battle never disturbs the soldier's rest, and

On Fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

And how shall we find appropriate language to praise these soldiers of the Republic, of whom, as Pericles said of the Athenians, "Their deeds, when weighed in the balance, have been found equal to their fame; for on the battlefield, their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear but of their glory." In the American armies flowed the noblest blood of the Saxon race. Bright youthhood with all its rich promise swelled the Northern ranks, and since the days of Cromwell's Ironsides, no finer battalions were ever marshalled on the fields of war. Until the

French Revolution, the conflicts of Europe were generally fought by mercenary troops, whose one ambition was to plunder and destroy, or, perchance, to win a ribbon or a cross for valor. They looked unmoved upon human suffering, and cared nothing for the political and moral questions involved in war; but the soldiers of the Republic sought neither fame nor military glory, and as they offered their services on the altars of nationality, their only hope was either a costly sacrifice for their country, or, in case of survival, to receive the thanks and plaudits of a grateful people. The character of the Union soldiers won the admiration of foreign observers, and William H. Russell wrote to the *London Times*: "Never perhaps has a finer body of men in all respects of physique been assembled by any power in the world, and their morale is equal to that of the best troops in Europe." Governed in the camp and field by Francis Lieber's humane and enlightened code of war, now adopted by all the nations of the world, and marching into battle to the sublime sentiments of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the Union cause was defended with a burning religious zeal before unknown to military history.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet,
Our God is marching on.

The majestic sweep of these lines and the sturdy rhythm of the music inspired our soldiers on many fields of battle; for they sang of country, freedom, and God, and whether by the watchfires of the circling camps, in the loathsome prison cells of the South, in the hour of defeat or final triumph, they swelled the refrain of "Our God is marching on," and the echoes reverberated from every hill and mountain, and rolling through the farthest valleys, finally increased in volume, until they became the grand anthem of victory over secession and disunion.

Lord Byron, in his beautiful poem, "The Isles of Greece," sounded a dirge-like note of despair when reflecting on the past glories of that land in comparison with the dearth of fame that he witnessed among the fettered race. Pathetic, indeed, are his lines:

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush? Our fathers bled.
Earth, render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead.
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ.

To Byron's appeal he could hear no response but the voices of the dead, sounding like the distant torrent's fall. But he failed to recognize the silent intellectual revival which was arousing the national consciousness of the people

and acquainting them with the common heritage of a glorious past. The national spirit was not dead; for on April 4, 1821, when Germanos, Archbishop of Patras, proclaimed the insurrection against the Turks, and raised the symbol of the cross before the Church of Saint George, the assembled throng swore to take up arms for the Fatherland, and in a few years Greece was free. In the bloody struggles of this war, a new Leonidas was born to fame, Marco Bozzaris,

One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

Our own country lay fettered in a slavery more cruel and blighting than that of Greece, and the prospect of a broken and dismembered Republic fell like a dark cloud over the land between 1850 and 1860. The national sentiment was buried in sectional strife, and neither the eloquence of orators nor the wisdom of statesmen was apparently able to arouse that passion for the Union which was purchased by the blood of heroes in the Revolution, and strengthened by the Fathers of the Republic through the guarantees of the Constitution. But out of the gloom and uncertainty of that period a powerful nation was destined to rise, and the bombardment of Fort Sumter quickened the patriotism of every heart. Its echoes rolled not only to our farthest shores, but were, indeed, like a shot heard round the world. Unlike

Byron, we did not beg for three to make a new Thermopylæ; for in response to Lincoln's call for troops, a mighty host from all the loyal States sent back the prompt assurance:

We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more!

firm in their resolve to save the nation of our Fathers, and transmit it to us untarnished, and destined, we hope, to serve mankind for unnumbered ages to come. It is our proud belief to-day that never in the future need we weep o'er days more blest, and that never need we call in vain for loyal hearts; but that, on the other hand, every appeal to patriotic duty will be answered by a whole nation, responding as with one mind to save the State, whether from domestic violence, or from the attacks of foes that may hover on our shores. The latter possibility is remote, while the danger of civil war will never again darken the land. This is the belief of representative men in the South like General J. B. Gordon, who said on the lecture platform in Northern cities: "The issues that divided the sections were born when the Republic was born, and were forever buried in an ocean of fraternal blood. We shall then see that, under God's providence, every sheet of flame from the blazing rifles of the contending armies, every whizzing shell that tore through the forests at Shiloh and Chancellorsville, every

cannon shot that shook Chickamauga's hills or thundered around the heights of Gettysburg, and all the blood and tears that were shed are yet to become contributions for the upbuilding of American manhood and for the future defence of American freedom. The Christian church received its baptism of Pentecostal power as it emerged from the shadows of Calvary, and went forth to its world-wide work with greater unity and a diviner purpose. So the Republic, rising from its baptism of blood with a national life more robust, a national union more complete, and a national influence ever widening, shall go forever forward in its benign mission to humanity."

In closing, may the sentiment of the poet be our hope to-day:

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day,
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND

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BUT little more than a century intervenes between the appearance of Immanuel Kant's treatise on "Perpetual Peace" and Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War," and if this latter work expresses even to a slight degree the aspirations of the German race, war is as much a passion among this restless people as it was when Tacitus wrote his account of the Teutonic tribes nearly two thousand years ago. Bernhardi believes with Treitschke that "war will always recur as a drastic medicine for the human race," and that its blessings, as an indispensable and stimulating law of development, must be repeatedly emphasized. To the apostle of peace, he would recall Goethe's words:

Dreams of a peaceful day,
Let him dream who may.
War is our rallying cry,
Onward to victory.

And with this motto ever before the vision of his aspiring countrymen, he assures them of Goethe's promise:

* "Germany and England," by Prof. J. A. Cramb, of Queen's College, London. London, 1914.

Bid defiance to every power,
Ever valiant, never cower.
To the brave soldier open flies
The golden gates of Paradise.

Bernhardi declares that war is the impelling force that is carrying Germany forward to a higher destiny, and the direction of this strife is the isolation of Russia, the final humiliation of France, and then the inevitable conflict with England. Imbued with the philosophy of Nietzsche and Treitschke, he shows not merely how Germany could make war upon England, but why she ought to make war upon England. He frankly admits that England with her vast empire stands in the path of the highest aspirations of the German race. He believes that Germany, no less than England, is endowed with the genius for empire. The Fatherland once had an empire but lost it; but the yearning for its recovery has ever occupied the mind of the nation and been the theme of her scholars. Treitschke declared that England secured possession of one-fifth of the habitable globe by theft, while Germany, cooped up between the North Sea, the Danube, and the Rhine, is compelled by her crowded conditions to lose each year thousands of her countrymen who emigrate to foreign lands. Thus, to a virile nation like Germany, anxious to assume her place in the sun, the spectacle of England's supremacy and

arrogance cannot be peaceably endured. Either England will inevitably decline on account of her moral weakness, like Venice after 1500, or war will surely follow. In the face of the approaching crisis, Bernhardi frankly admits that for Germany there are only two alternatives, "World Dominion or Ruin."

Prof. Cramb's new book, which appeared in June of this year, makes a critical analysis of the militant philosophy contained in the writings of Treitschke and Bernhardi, and a careful reading of its pages will give a clear insight of the causes underlying the present war. As the old German imperialism begins by the destruction of Rome, will the new imperialism begin by the destruction of England? Prof. Cramb raises this portentous question and then proceeds to analyze the political and moral origins of the sentiment of antagonism between England and Germany. The reader should not fail to remember the contention of Germany that two states, each endowed with the genius for empire, confront each other, and that to the Teutonic mind, England has lamentably failed in her imperial policy. For years the German scholars have been preparing the particulars of a strong indictment against the British Empire. The historians have bitterly arraigned the English rule in India, while a different group of critics has attacked the civic and national life, the

laws, the Anglican Church, the universities, the army, and English society. The significance of this indictment is the moral scorn which prevails in Germany for England. This feeling of contempt is expressed by Treitschke, who says: "A thing that is wholly a sham cannot in this universe of ours endure forever. It may endure for a day, but its doom is certain; there is no room for it in a world governed by valor, by the will to power."

Prof. Cramb writes with dramatic interest when he reviews the yearnings of the German scholars for the inevitable day of reckoning with England, and how with warrior laughter they measure the certainty of triumph over an ignoble foe. They produce their title-deeds to world empire in a series of heroic and tragic forms that meet the wondering eye, among them Charlemagne and the Hohenstaufen, who inspire the youthful Germans with their impressive figures. In meditating upon the apathy and stolid indifference of England, Prof. Cramb seems to hear again the thunder of the footsteps of a great host. "It is the war-bands of Alaric." England, he claims, has had sufficient warning, for did not Lord Salisbury in the year 1900 proclaim the construction of the Kiel Canal and the "Dreadnoughts" assembled there the first conflict between Germany and England? And Lord Roberts, "the Sidney of these later times,"

in 1913 added his message, challenging the attention of every Englishman who cares for more than the transient interests of the day.

Prof. Cramb asserts that while two great nations confront each other, both endowed with the genius for empire, England has been schooled in the practice of imperialism for two hundred years, whereas Germany as a nation is undisciplined in empire. England, weary of the glory of empire, has allowed political power to pass more and more into the ranks of the English race itself, and now the nation is frequently expressing the desire for arbitration, for the limitation of armaments, and for peace at any price. Prof. Cramb raises the question, what is likely to result, if, confronting this, you have a nation high in its courage, lofty in its ambitions, moving on in its own path, which in the future may lead it to destinies to which even the imagination of a Treitschke can hardly assign a limit? He assures the reader that Germany's reply will be something like this: "You are the great robber-state; yet now in the twentieth century, as if the war for the world were over because you are glutted with booty, now it is you, you who preach to us Germans universal peace, arbitration, and the diminution of armaments. But our position is that this war is not over." Prof. Cramb believes that peace is but an ideal, and that while

in the twentieth century men talk of disarmament because war is opposed to social well-being, and, economically, is profitless alike to victor and vanquished, man's dreadful toll of blood has not yet all been paid. Declaimed against in the name of religion, in the name of humanity, in the name of profit and loss, war still goes on.

Nations like individuals, says Prof. Cramb, are controlled by ideals which defy analysis. In Germany, for instance, seven hundred books appear annually dealing with war as a science. This points at once to an extreme preoccupation in that nation with the idea of war. Again, in Germany, the army is simply the natural expression of the vital forces of the nation, and Treitschke's solution of the whole matter is that a nation's military efficiency is the exact coefficient of a nation's idealism. With Treitschke's disciple, Bernhardi, war is a duty, and nothing is more terrible than the government of the strong by the weak, and war is the power by which the strong assert their dominion over the weak. This is the spirit in which war is regarded in contemporary Germany. It is given a high moral place in the State, and what a powerful weapon is the sword in the hands of a people possessed with this ideal!

Prof. Cramb gives a delightful picture of Treitschke as a teacher and historian, in which capacity his governing idea was the greatness

of Prussia, the glory of an army which is a nation and of a nation which is an army. His hatred for England is attributed to her success in the war for the world while Germany was preoccupied with higher and more spiritual ends. But for her absorption in those ends, Germany might, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, have made the Danube a German river and established a German predominance from the Bosphorus to the Indus. Prof. Cramb compares Treitschke's immense and enduring influence, not only in Prussia, but throughout the German world, with the influence exercised by Carlyle upon England since 1845. Treitschke's influence has gone on steadily increasing throughout Germany until the present day. Treitschke and Carlyle resemble each other in their high seriousness, sincerity, downrightness, and deep moral strength. "Do not imagine, however, that there is any further resemblance between them. For instance, there is not in all the seventeen volumes of Treitschke any hint of that broad human laughter which you find in very nearly every page of the thirty volumes of Carlyle. You may say, if you like, that this is because Germany has obtained free political institutions so recently and therefore has not yet acquired the power to take them humorously." Prof. Cramb states that fate was strangely kind to

Treitschke. "Though dwelling in that silent universe of the deaf, and threatened in age with the darkened universe of the blind, he lived just long enough to see upon the silver horizon of the North Sea, and upon the more mysterious horizon of the future, the first promise of the German fleets of the future. He saw Germany thus fitting herself for that high task which he had marked out to one generation after another of students, the day of reckoning with England, the day of reckoning with the great enemy for whom he had nevertheless that kind of regard which every great foe inspires, which England's strength inspires. And yet his imagination pierced beneath the semblance of her strength, which to his imagination was but a semblance."

In the final chapter of his volume, "Past and Future," Prof. Cramb asks the question, how is it possible to discover any principle which will enable us to conjecture, even in outline, the future of two such empires as Germany and England? In endeavoring to determine the future rôles of these two nations, the author suggests that we seek for them in the region in which England's needs come most sharply into conflict with Germany's desires. Here a law, universal and inevitable in its application, discloses itself concerning the struggle for power. Amongst free independent nations weakness means war; and the empire

which is not able to defend itself by forces proportionate to the magnitude of that empire must fall. The period at which an empire becomes stationary can never be more than approximately determined, and the question arises whether England has reached the limit of expansion. On the other hand, the attitude in Germany is, are we to acquiesce in England's possession of one-fifth of the globe, with no title-deeds, no claim, except priority in robbery? Is all, indeed, lost, and is the war for the world ended? In the world-arena has Germany, like a belated champion, girt in her shining armor, ridden up to the great tourney too late? The answer to these questions is, "World Dominion or Death." Prof. Cramb then proceeds to examine the problem in the light of history. Assuming for a moment that this world-pre-dominance is possible to Germany, what is the testimony of Germany's past to her capacity to play this part? We find Germany an empire in the twelfth century under the Hohenstaufen, and her record in Italy is the record in Ireland of England at her worst. Again, Germany is an empire in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and her power at that time in Italy is synchronous with the defeat and obliteration of Italian art, Italian literature, Italian religion, and Italian patriotism. Also, in the nineteenth century, Germany's power in Italy centres in

the name of Metternich, the high-priest of reactionary policies and oppression. Here, then, is the record of the past as to the future of Germany as a world-civilizing power. But Germany's past as a world-civilizing power does not concern the German thinkers of to-day. Treitschke has defined the aim of Germany, and it is this: "That just as the greatness of Germany is to be found in the governance of Germany by Prussia, so the greatness and good of the world is to be found in the predominance there of German culture, of the German mind, in a word, of the German character." The prevalent bent of mind at the universities, in the army amongst the cultured, is towards what may be described as the religion of Valor, the glory of action, heroism, the doing of great things. Prof. Cramb declares that it is in politics and ethics Napoleonism, for the young men of Germany see in Napoleon's creed the springs of his action, a message of fire: Live dangerously. Admiring the aspirations of the Fatherland, Prof. Cramb says: "That world-empire of which Germany dreams, she may, or may not, on its material side, attain; but in this race for the spirit's dominion, the mightier empire of human Thought, who is her rival? Where even is her competitor? Not England, assuredly; for in that region England in the twentieth century has a place retrograde

almost as Austria or Spain; not America; not Russia; not Japan, with her tasteless, over-eager efforts to enter the comity of Europe. Is it France?"

Prof. Cramb asserts that if these are the legitimate impulses and ambitions of Germany, no Englishman remembering the methods by which the British Empire has been established in India, in America, in Africa, in Egypt, dare arraign those impulses and ambitions. The question to be answered is, what of England and those needs of England with which they enter most immediately into collision? England in the twentieth century has reached the transition stage in the history of all empires when more or less unconscious effort passes into conscious realization and achievement. Her policy becomes definitely a policy of peace, not war, of internal organization, not of outward expansion. England's task now is the evolution of an inner harmony and the founding of an imperially representative government. Again, there is the wider and more intricate problem of India. How is that freedom and justice, in any conscious and self-governing sense, to be extended to India? And to that problem may be added the like problem in Egypt. These are merely the central strands of a complex ganglion of questions which, with every year and every decade, will become more pressing.

Prof. Cramb believes that what England needs at the present time is tranquillity and security, that immunity from cares so necessary to free operations of the great faculties of the mind. But it is just this tranquillity, this security, which she cannot find. For whilst England may pray for peace in order to shape out these problems in politics, there still beyond the North Sea is the stern Watcher, unsleeping, unresting, bound to her own fate, pursuing her own distant goal undeviatingly, unfalteringly, weighing every action of England, waiting for every sign of England's weakness. It is here that Germany's will to power comes into tragic conflict with England's will to peace. It is useless to speak of friendly rivalry and generous emulation; for the Germans will not sit still in generous emulation of England, a power which they believe to be already tottering to its grave. Prof. Cramb finds it equally useless to seek a practical policy in arbitration, and it would be likewise futile to depend upon alliances as a permanent means of securing the peace of Europe. Treaties are binding only so long as you can make your enemy see gleam behind the parchment the point of a sword; for nations and states are governed by self-interest only. Peace he declares at best a truce on the battle-field of time.

In closing his interesting book, Prof. Cramb

expresses the opinion that the creative power which has shaped the British Empire is not really dead, and that the momentary apathy and indifference to be a thing that shall pass away. Even now, he discovers everywhere stirrings of a new life, to hear the tramp of armies fired by a newer chivalry than that of Crécy, and on the horizon to discern the outline of fleets manned by as heroic a resolve as were those of Nelson or Rodney. Democratic England has known nothing of war, and in the hour of conflict, democracy will understand and assert its power, and defend the institutions that have been fashioned through the struggles of a thousand years. In closing, he says: "And if the dire event of a war with Germany, if it is a dire event, should ever occur, there shall be seen upon this earth of ours a conflict which, beyond all others, will recall that description of the great Greek wars:

'Heroes in battle with heroes,
And above them the wrathful gods.'

And one can imagine the ancient, mighty deity of all the Teutonic kindred, throned above the clouds, looking serenely down upon that conflict, upon his favorite children, the English and the Germans, locked in a death struggle, smiling upon the heroism of that struggle, the heroism of the children of Odin, the War-god."

Such are the predictions of Prof. J. A. Cramb, of Queen's College, London, published in June, 1914, and now the Teutonic kindred are engaged in that mortal conflict, which he regarded as a possibility, and which, no doubt, is destined to decide the fate of empires and of ruling dynasties.

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